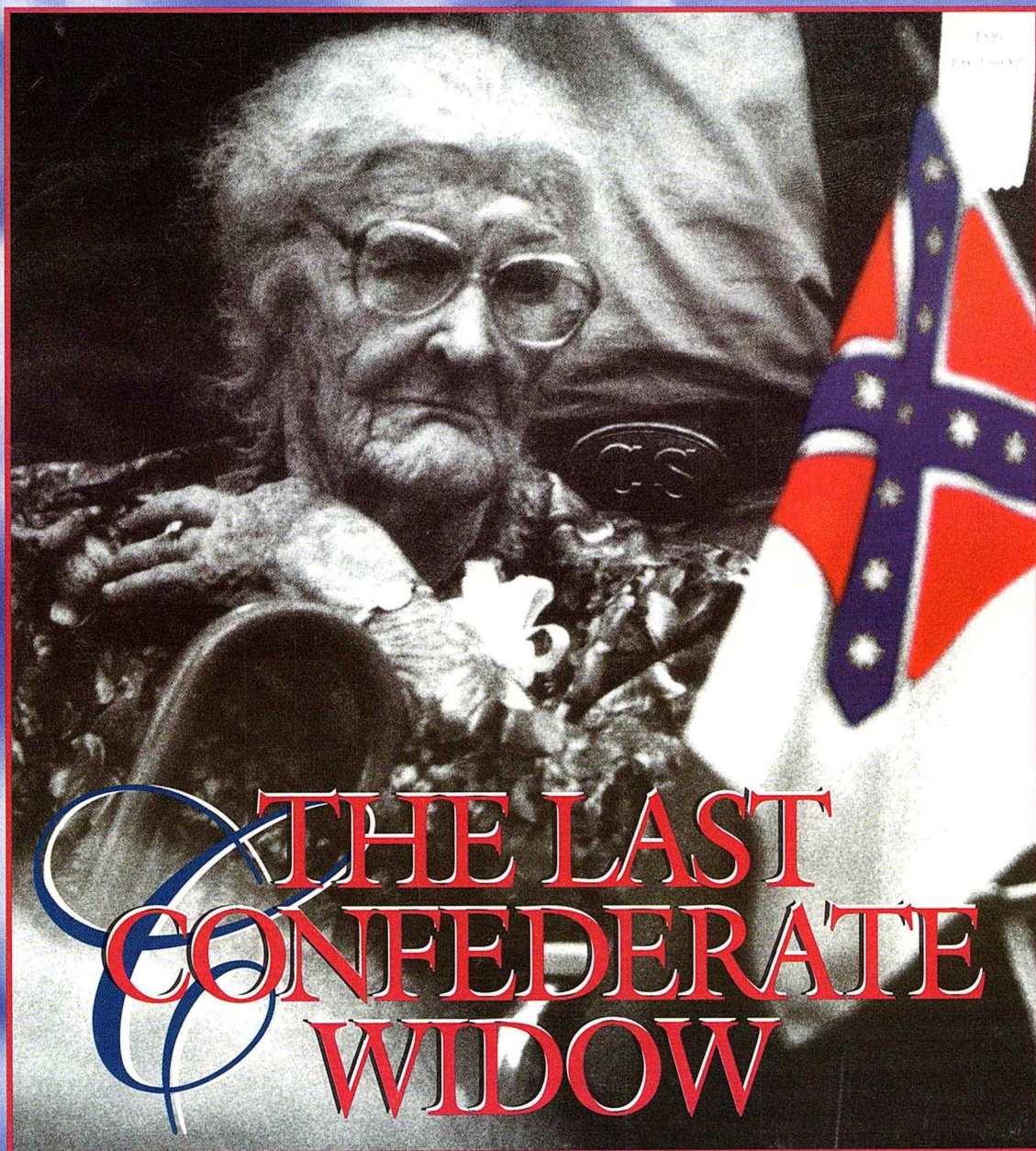


Southern

VOLUME XVI THIRD QUARTER 1996 \$4.50

PARTISAN



SPECIAL ELECTION REPORT
"Is The South
A Nation?"
Page 13

Valor In Lace

The Roles of Confederate Women 1861 - 1865

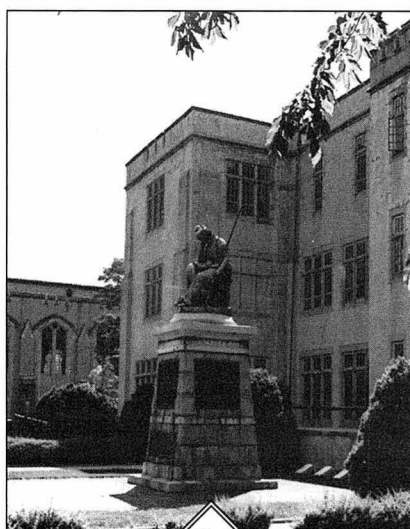
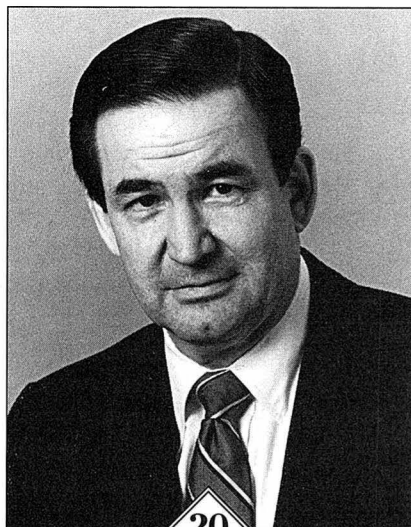


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"If there were a Southern magazine, intelligently conducted and aimed specifically, under the doctrine of provincialism, at renewing a certain sort of sectional consciousness and drawing separate groups of Southern thought together, something might be done to save the South..."

—Donald Davidson to Allen Tate
May, 1927

"No periodical can well succeed in the South, which does not include the political constituent...The mind of the South is active chiefly in the direction of politics...The only reading people in the South are those to whom politics is the bread of life."

—William Gilmore Simms
Southern Quarterly Review, April, 1853

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★ **HAD A BAWL**

Gentlemen:

In Obitier Dicta's "Just Be Sure to Spell it Right" (*Southern Partisan*, First Quarter 1996) you mention a suggestion, concerning the Museum of the Confederacy and its Old South Ball, made by the former Governor of Virginia, Douglas Wilder.

I must tell you that although I have not agreed with Mr. Wilder in the past, I now find myself in total agreement with the suggestion made in his rhetorical question: "Why don't you put a slave ship outside rather than those tents and gray uniforms?"

What a marvelous and entirely appropriate idea; because as I recall, the first slave ship built in America was built in the North— as were most of them and it would have been educational, edifying, and not a little amusing, to see the public's—and Mr. Wilder's—reaction when they gazed up at the slave ship, focused their eyes on her transom, and saw there, just below the name, her port proudly emblazoned in large bold letters "OF BOSTON."

I rather think the "roar of invective" you mention would have been at least twice as loud; and I'm certain it would have been liberally interspersed with cries of "foul!" You know how it goes: you can always be certain that if you throw a few rocks into a pack of dogs, it's always the ones that are hit the hardest that yelp the loudest.

Jamieson Bates
Kensington, California

★ **THOUGHTS OCCURRING**

Gentlemen:

I have been charmed and alarmed by Charles A. Jones's essay (*Southern Partisan*, Second

Quarter, 1996) on the probable future Southern Accent Tax to be proposed by the Worthy Co-President. Certainly, with the thirst for "revenue" of the liberal Democrats, some such thing is only to be expected. But, some thoughts occur.

First, to so narrowly define and particularise the objects of the SAT might expose it to defeat in the courts, since to single out one or a few persons in this way is historically unconstitutional. (You cannot, for instance, pass a tax on one-armed paper hangers or blue-eyed, blond, five-foot-eleven physicians whose initials are S.C.)

So, since she is the smartest woman in all of history, you know she will not step into this trap. She will probably go to linguistics and pick out characteristics which will define Southern without saying "Southern." For example, the outstanding thing one notices about the Southern accent is the absence of the terminal R sound—(Mr. Jones sopercipiently lists in his article, "heuh"). So, we can look for a tax on anyone who drops the final R in any syllable. This, of course, would be some consolation to us, since it would drag in people from Massachusetts.

But, there are those of us who will not content ourselves with the fact that others share our misery. In the gallant tradition of our fighting ancestors, we will take and do something about the situation. Having learned our lessons in this "modern" (one Mr. Jones missed) world, we will bring a class-action suit under the Americans with Disabilities Act to get a "govment" (although I more often hear "gummint") check and preferential treatment for all who have R Deficient Disability Syndrome (RDDS).

Max Broussard
Patterson, Louisiana

★ SLAP IN THE FACE?

Gentlemen:

As a Southerner (one of many hundreds of thousands, if not millions) born in Southern Maryland (so named for more than one reason—believe me), I cannot fathom why Charles A. Jones of Norfolk would insult all of us in such a fashion as he did in his article “The S.A.T.” and worse, throw us in a barrel with a bunch of Yankees from New Jersey or New York or any other god-forsaken piece of frozen tundra. I also wonder why *Southern Partisan* would print such a slap in the face to good Southerners. The Marylanders who fought and died in the Confederate service are doubtless rolling in their graves to be slandered in this way.

I invite Mr. Jones to drive his car to Waldorf, La Plata, or Solomons and distinguish the accent heard there from that of my family’s former home in Caroline County, Virginia, right across the river. You’d think someone from Norfolk would have the sense God gave a gnat and would realize that, generally speaking, Tidewater is Tidewater, whether it’s in Maryland or Virginia. Now, those folks up in Baltimore are a whole different question.

Should Mr. Jones feel the need to write such another article, he should meet me with it on Blood Island in the middle of the Mississippi between Illinois and Missouri. And he should bring a second.

Jeffrey C. Smith
Jefferson City, Missouri

★ RICHLY DESERVED

Gentlemen:

Wow! Collie Owens sure does hate Atlanta! I have grown accustomed to anti-Atlanta diatribes, but the article, “Atlanta Torches

Tradition,” (*Southern Partisan*, Second Quarter 1996), is one of the more vitriolic I have seen in some time. What’s his problem? He reminds me of those Europeans who constantly put down the United States, but continue to move to America in droves. The traffic from the rest of the South is pretty much all this way.

I am Southern-born and raised, a great-grandson of Confederate soldiers, and moved to Atlanta some forty years ago. I find it to be a fine, hospitable place to live and work. Sure, the enormous influx of dreadfully earnest Midwesterners and other outsiders has taken its toll on the place, but the area remains a part of the South, and in spite of much of what is written and reported, is not some bizarre outpost of Northern culture in Georgia. The self-serving politics and general ineptitude of Atlanta city government, Fulton County government, and indeed, of most of the metro area local governments, including that of Mr. Owens’s home county, Cobb, is distressing, but not surprising. I doubt it’s much worse here than in most other large metropolitan areas of the country. You live in a great area, Mr. Owens. Enjoy it!

George Cain
Marietta, Georgia

★ HERE WE GO AGAIN

Gentlemen:

It has been rather humorous to me to read the responses to my letter several issues ago concerning Sam Francis, the Southern Baptists and slavery. There really are some sensitive nerves out there.

First, a word to you Mr. Editor: Thanks for running the interview with Sam Francis. Now I do know a bit more about who he is. Secondly, a word to my Baptist brethren: Of course an independent Presbyterian is an oxymoron, but no more than a Baptist who claims to be a strict con-

gregationalist and yet still participates in the county Baptist Association or State and National Conventions. Those gatherings are loose Presbyteries aren’t they? As to whether the SBC resolution condemning slavery 150 years ago was appropriate or not, there are many many opinions about that. Finally a word on slavery to my fellow Memphian and friend Franklin Saunders *et al*: What Professor Murray at Westminster Seminary taught was that as a society becomes more and more Christian in its thinking and ethos, the logical result would be the freeing of slaves. In their recent monograph entitled, “Southern Slavery, As It Was,” Steve Wilkins (a fellow PCA pastor and friend) and Douglas Wilson argue (somewhat convincingly) that the slavery of the Old South and that of the Bible are not the same in many regards. They refer to Hebrew slavery, New Testament slavery, Greco-Roman slavery and Southern slavery. Now if their premise is granted, then all the arguments about slavery being defended exegetically take on a different light. They do not believe that slavery *per se*, as Biblically defined, is wrong, rather the “trafficking” in it.

Wayne Herring
Memphis, Tennessee

★ THE OLE C.W.

Gentlemen:

I am curious as to why you malign the term “Civil War” even to the point of following it with “(sic)” whenever it appears. Is political correctness creeping into the pages of *Southern Partisan*?

While the term “Civil War” may be of Yankee origin—it was used by Abraham Lincoln prior to the outbreak of hostilities in 1861—it is now considered by most historians to be a neutral term. The more cumbersome expression “War Between the States,” which you seem to prefer, appears to have been coined by Confederate Vice President Alexan-

der Stevens after the war.

By the way contributors to Internet news groups are now using the expression "ACW" (American Civil War) to distinguish the War of the Sixties from the seventeenth-century English Civil War (ECW).

Larry Orr
LaHabra, California

★ FOUNDING ANALYSIS

Gentlemen:

In William Watkins' review of Kennedy's *Why Not Freedom* (*Southern Partisan*, First Quarter, 1996), he writes: "Unlike other writers who begin discussions of government's growth with the Progressive Era, World War I, or the New Deal, the Kennedys correctly trace our current problems back to the outcome of The War Between the States." I have a different opinion, to wit, there is nothing correct about that, and until we admit what is correct, we can make no permanent progress toward a resolution of our current problems.

If the War Between The States was the creature of Abraham Lincoln, what created the environment which enabled him to foster that creature was government's growth—*before* The War Between The States. Government had been growing since the adoption of the 1787 Constitution because that constitution was designed to facilitate government's growth. (And the Confederate Constitution of 1861 did not remove those ills.) If you want to know what confines a federal government of constituent republics to its proper sphere, you will study the Articles of Confederation.

Are there not now, annually, so many perilous usurpations by the national government (and thousands already on the books) that it would be impossible to call conventions to consider and possibly nullify each one of them? There would not be time in the year for

these conventions to keep up with the usurpations. There would not be delegates enough to send to all the conventions. What is needed is not such an amendment to the current Constitution (as Watkins and the Kennedy's suggest), but a constitution that cannot result in so many perilous usurpations.

The U.S. Constitution of 1787 was well designed for a republic that is a constituent of a federation of states, such as Virginia as a member of the U.S.A. The improvements of the Confederate Constitution, made it more suitable for a republic that is a constituent of a federation of states. The improvements proposed by John C. Calhoun would have made it still more suitable for a republic that is, etc.

For the central government of a federation of republics, the Articles of Confederation, with a few modifications, would have been superior to any of these and vastly superior to the degenerate constitution that our central government currently operates under.

George Crockett
Foreign Language Center
Inha University, Incheon, Korea

★ GOODBYE

Gentlemen:

I'm sorry to say that I will not be renewing my subscription to *Southern Partisan*. I have learned many things from your magazine (I particularly enjoyed your 1995 article about Robert Lewis Dabney).

Why won't I be renewing? The answer comes down to race. Your magazine, which is ostensibly a mouthpiece for white Southerners, most of them Christian, more and more accepts the premises of anti-white Leftists. How so? You accept the premises of those egalitarian secular humanists referred to in public discourse as "Liberals" or "Progressives." Their doctrine is that a frank and public embrace of

white racial loyalty and solidarity is necessarily evil (i.e. "racism" in secular humanist lingo.) This is not surprising for the Left—you'd kind of expect it. After all, the Left is blatantly Humanistic. It demands that whites be disinterested in the collective fate of their own people (or, I should say, *our* own people) while also demanding that we locate our loyalty to all peoples and races—that is, aggregate humanity. It is one thing to tolerate other peoples and their human rights to life and safety. It is another entirely different thing to accept them as literal, actual kin.

An example of how *Southern Partisan* is capitulating is Tom Landess' article in "Time For the South to Turn and Fight Back" (Second Quarter, 1996) In this piece, Mr. Landess writes how he recently witnessed a large Ku Klux Klan cross burning and rally in New Jersey: "the crowd was so large and enthusiastic it looked like a pep rally for the Penn State football team." He then went on to compare it to a tiny gathering of Klansmen in Alabama. Mr. Landess attacked the wicked Yankees attending the New Jersey Klan rally and the Northern media's seeming desire to ignore it, while giving prime coverage to the Southern Klan's birthday party-size attendance. Mr. Landess seems to think that the Yankee media forgives their own white folks getting uppity, but because of its rampant "Dixiephobia" (which is strongly correlated with an extreme dislike of barbecue) they craftily decided to play up the Southern gathering. It seems he's forgotten about the Bensonhurst, New Jersey incidents of a few years back.

Mr. Landess' real problem is that he is trying to prove that the South is "more racially liberal than thou." Like Professor John Shelton Reed whom *Southern Partisan* interviewed over a year ago, and the Sons of Confederate Veterans, Mr. Landess is loudly (as well as

pitifully and inaccurately) protesting that the South is, and has been, a bastion of racial egalitarianism. This is completely false. One of the great fears of our Confederate ancestors was the fear of a Northern agitated slave revolt. It was one of the great causes for the secession of the Southern states in 1860-1. Both the *Partisan* and the SCV laud that violent action as heroic and wonderful (as I do). Yet, whenever the more modern events come up—the peaceful defense of racially separate public schools by the Citizens' Council of America, the burning of crosses by the Klan in vacant fields, etc. you get all flustered and angry. Why do you condemn these far more innocent acts by whites (Southern or Northern) while praising their more violent ancestors?

I think one reason may be class-based: If one is an aristocratic "chevalier" sporting a vandyke and sipping a mint julep, then it is OK. If one is poor or middle class and opposes having one's daughters made part of a Secular Humanist racial mongrelisation program, then you are evil. Pretty soon, you'll have to put a suitable quote from that nineteenth century New Orleans turn-coat, George Washington Cable instead of that twentieth century arch racial separatist, Donald Davidson you currently have on your magazine's masthead. In fact, if you prohibited yourself from writing articles on Southerners who were also racial patriots, your magazine would have to fold immediately. May it always remain thus.

The proper stance for the *Partisan* to take—and perhaps cause me to resubscribe—is denouncing immoral acts that some calling themselves white racial patriots do. But don't attack those who are men enough to openly defend our people's racial and cultural integrity. In fact, in this evil time of constant anti-white propaganda, white racial patriots—North and South—need our support. As someone at Ole Miss told me (with a

grin) not too long ago: "Some of my best friends are Klansmen." Lighten up, gentlemen, and fall in!

Andrew Eliot Roesell
Oxford, Mississippi
via Amercia Online

Editor's Note: If Mr. Roesell thinks us too liberal to deserve his subscription, he must have a very limited number of periodicals on his desk.

★ ANOTHER HURRICANE

Gentlemen:

The article by Tom Landess on the reasons why Pat Buchanan did not do well in his home base of the South failed to include some reasons why he may not have won the South. For one reason there is the fact that many people felt that there was no way that Buchanan could win a national election. This may have been the result of media hype saying that he was so radical that he could not win in November. However, in my opinion, he would have had a difficult time getting more than 40% of the total vote. On the other hand Bob Dole was viewed as someone who was able to draw the necessary moderate vote needed to win the general election.

Perhaps the biggest problem with Buchanan is his economics. His social policy may have been conservative, but his economics are far from it. He is anti free trade, there is not a free trade agreement he likes. He is pro union, coming out in favor of raising the minimum wage. Finally, he has in the past expressed some interest in supporting certain targeted industries with government help. None of this can be considered free market or conservative. Perhaps it was ideas such as these that did as much or more than the press and the establishment to end Buchanan's chance to win the nomination.

Michael Dioguardi
Via America Online

★ THANK YOU

Gentlemen:

Please let me express my appreciation of the excellent review *First in Our Hearts* by Kevin R. Gutzman (Second Quarter, 1996).

A striking parallel emerges between our nation and that of Russia, which is beginning to regain memory of her true heroes and luminaries. This affinity is manifest on many occasions. Take for example another article in the same issue of the *Southern Partisan*, "Before the Flood" by Joseph Scotchie: amazingly similar to Tennessee was the plight of the Russian heartland along the Volga, Don, Angara and other major rivers, flooded in the name of industrialization and "socialist reconstruction of nature" [sic]. In fact, popular indignation with the new dam construction projects in mid-1980s was one of the first sparks to set the entire communist jail ablaze.

A well known Russian writer and philosopher V. Trostnikov, who visited the US about the same time, made a surprising (for the Russians) statement in his travel notes *Lord, Save America*: "It seems like most of what was good and great in America was swept away by the defeat of the South in the War Between the States." Much the same way as Communism and modern world capitalism, ostensibly opposite to one another, are in fact so similar in their nature, so also their victims, the old Russia and original America, have something essential in common.

Mark Markish
Lowell, Massachusetts



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Some Notes on the New World Order

The War Between the States managed to ruin the 19th century for millions of our people, and apparently Americans were not meant to enjoy a moment's peace in the 20th century. As the Soviet Union was crumbling before our eyes, the President of the United States chilled the hearts of many by announcing the advent of a New World Order. With the end of the Cold War, we thought we'd at least postponed the Battle of Armageddon. Now we have to wonder if we aren't in the midst of that final struggle between Good and Evil with Americans fighting on the wrong side.

Indeed, it may be difficult to recognize the Devil's Army when we see it. He's too clever to issue shoulder patches that look like labels from a can of Underwood ham. His ships won't fly the jolly roger. He will recruit in the name of peace, prosperity, tolerance, multiculturalism, and diversity — catch words that have strong currency in the contemporary world. The Devil is always a popular fellow, because he says what people want to hear in pleasing and persuasive language. Knowledge of this fact should help us to recognize his army, even when it flies familiar banners or sings familiar hymns.

Here's what we should look for.

First, his army will be international in composition and global in strategy. It will eliminate all distinctions — those of language, race, nationality and religion — not merely because the battleground is the world, but more importantly because those differences are what most define our human limitations, our submis-

sion to the frailty of our own existence. We need these things to bind us together, and out of that need we also turn to God. By contrast, the Serpent likes to tell us how independent we are, how self-sufficient — how little we really require ties of blood and history. That technique worked the first time he tried it. It works just as well today, even when he speaks through the World Council of Churches.

Second, the Devil's army will be built on a commitment to the things of this world — to power and money and pleasure. Power attracts money which buys pleasure. Most political debates today rest on that axiom, and you'll find it on all the Devil's recruitment posters.

Third, the Devil's army will be filled with mercenaries. Nobody on Satan's side will be asked to fight for peanuts. He has all the money he needs to wage a long and costly war, so his soldiers will draw huge paychecks, have plenty of leave time, and spend their nights in drunken revelry.

Fourth, in the Devil's army your private life will be your own, but your soul will belong to Satan. He doesn't care if you do drugs, fornicate, commit adultery, or engage in perversion. He would prefer that you do all these things. That's what soldiers have always done. However, he will demand that you surrender your identity when the day of march begins. For in the end, everyone in his army will look alike, think alike, and act in perfect concert. His troops will be "atomized" — reduced to nothing more than isolated cells in a huge, integrated organism, moving as he wills it to

move.

And fifth, the Devil's army is expendable. He has no use for soldiers as human beings. They are valuable only in terms of their utility. He will sacrifice them by the tens of millions and never shed a tear. And when they're buried beneath acres of anonymous white headstones, he'll forget their names.

So are those who would usher in the New World Order really Satan's Army, and are we about to fight the Battle of Armageddon? Perhaps we had better see precisely what we know about the global regime former President Bush described in such positive terms and President Clinton has promoted so successfully.

We don't know much about the New World Order yet, but we do know enough to be suspicious of the person who will head it. As best we can tell, this regime will be global in scope — transcending national, ethnic, and religious boundaries. It will be composed of a limited number of corporate conglomerates whose interests will be international and whose executives will rise above the narrow concerns of their own native lands to make decisions that benefit the world economy — and hence the global state.

We also know that the New World Order will be based on the principle of economic interdependence. We'll no longer be allowed to worry about what's good for the United States. Instead we'll concentrate on what's good for IT&T, the World Bank, and the International Monetary Fund. Americans will be told that their narrow interests and political principles must be subordinated

(Continued On Page 54)

FROM BEHIND ENEMY LINES *Washington Report*

The Public Discourse In Oprahland

by Gordon Jackson

When Robert Bork's nomination to the Supreme Court was shot down in 1987 after he had been tarred as an "extremist," I made the observation that the high court had been made "excellence-proof" for many decades. It would be a long time, I felt, before any jurist possessed of a forceful, coherent judicial philosophy, be it conservative or liberal activist, could again make his way through the media-driven opinion polls upon which Senate confirmation votes now hinge. The election of 1996 makes it all too clear that the same situation now obtains in presidential politics. Did you find the public discourse this season to consist of nothing but puerile pabulum? Get used to it. Our politicians ventilate now only those nuggets of wisdom that have been carefully screened with the focus groups.

Which, in one sense is a relief to me. As a former speechwriter, I had grown concerned in recent years that the state of the art had fallen into total disrepair. If these tired old rhetorical conventions that had not been given a rest for years — family values, cut government spending, etc., etc. — were the best that our bright young liberal arts graduates could come up with, then the universities are turning out dull tools indeed. But it appears that the craft of speech-writing is now merely an exercise of filling in the blanks in the standard speech with whichever buzz words have, that week, set aflutter the well-gauged hearts of the focus groupies. You do not, for example, ever want to say "tax cut"

without affixing the prefix "middle-class," lest you risk alienating the affections of soccer moms throughout the land. Political rhetoric is now crafted from the clichés of Oprahland.

The careful reader will have noted that this column's usual partisanship on behalf of Republicans was abated this year, as it became apparent that Dole intended only to attempt to out-do Clinton in this absurd exercise. What more could be expected from a long-time Washington hack whose serene sense of business proceeding in its normal fashion never once had been perturbed by the rumblings of an idea? It could not be expected that Dole would ever be more than a product of the political handler's labors. Nor could Dole and his handlers be faulted for concluding that it is pointless for Republicans to seek out issue constituencies after watching Pat Buchanan get hammered by the media and the Christian Coalition for running a campaign based on ideas during the primaries.

Chief among Dole's handlers was 35-year-old campaign manager, Scott Reed. A former employee of Jack Kemp — given, in his twenties, the opportunity to run HUD — Reed no doubt was influential in landing the bell-cow of the supply-siders on the ticket. Anyone thinking that Kemp, who for years has styled himself as a fountain of ideas, would increase the intellectual candle power of the campaign, could not have been pleased by his dismal performance. While Dole was trying to scrounge up Republican votes, Kemp was mugging for the press in Harlem. He didn't even bother to prepare for his debate and got destroyed by Al Gore, no one's idea of a silver-tongued devil.

Four years ago I heard Kemp

speak and concluded that he had turned into the political equivalent of a wino. It seemed as if he had been swilling on the same bottle of rhetorical Thunderbird for about 20 years and had simply turned into a self-indulgent blatherskite. It does not seem possible now to ask him a question to which the answer will not be entrepreneurial seedcorn, the American dream, lower capital gains rates and the principles of Abraham Lincoln — all serenaded with the impossibly overblown rhetoric of a high school sophomore just home from Boys' State. Maybe these stock phrases are all time-tested with the denizens of Oprahland, but they sure do get old to anyone paying attention. Received media wisdom to the contrary, Kemp's stint as running-mate got him about as much of a bump towards the nomination in 2000 as Geraldine Ferraro got in 1984.

Those who pay attention, of course, are not those to whom candidates' utterances are now directed. Soccer moms are now said to form the opinion-making elite. And with all due respect to soccer and motherhood, doesn't that sum up much of what is currently wrong with this country? American boys used to play baseball, a stern meritocracy that ruthlessly weeded out the unfit. Now, the boys and girls are all thrown together into the unisex stew of soccer, which, if it requires any athletic skill other than the ability to run to and fro in semi-organized pandemonium, my untutored eye has not yet discerned it. American pols used to write their own speeches, and direct them toward the best and the brightest and the history books. Now they pitch hoary platitudes at uninformed women who don't have time for thinking. Such is the state of the public discourse in Oprahland.★

Oh say does the Battle Flag Still wave in South Carolina?

We borrow the Partisan View page and devote the Obiter Dicta section this issue to an explication of the national controversy that has erupted in South Carolina over the Confederate battle flag which, at this writing, still flies atop the Statehouse in the Palmetto State. Briefly, here is the background:

The battle flag was installed on the South Carolina statehouse dome in 1962 (on the 100th anniversary of the beginning of the War Between the States) by a joint resolution of the General Assembly, specifically to honor the memory of the 40,000 casualties of war. Contrary to the revisionist view of history often expressed by modern journalists, no political overtones were suggested by the joint resolution or intended by its authors. The old flag has flown at its present position below the United States and the South Carolina flags for 35 years.

For the past decade or so, various groups—mainly the NAACP and certain Democratic politicians—have insisted that the battle flag is offensive to them; that it is a hateful symbol of slavery; and they have lobbied to have the flag removed from the dome. More recently, the Knight-Ridder-owned daily, *The State* newspaper (of Columbia, S.C.) has launched a relentless campaign on its editorial and news pages to portray the flag as a symbol of division and racial discord.

Over the years, repeated efforts to furl the flag have failed culminating in a referendum, which was placed on the ballot in the 1994 Republican Primary. The flag won by 76% of the vote. Perhaps inspired by that mandate, the legislature gave the Confederate flag statutory protection in 1995. In a separate action, the legislature also authorized the erection of a monument to the African-American heritage, in an effort to create an atmosphere of mutual respect. It didn't work.

The State newspaper continued its drumbeat against the flag, hinting that any "leaders" who would take up the cause of taking down the flag would be hailed by them as the greatest secular messiah of our

time. Republican Governor David Beasley took the bait. Even though the Governor (as a candidate) promised repeatedly that he supported keeping the flag, he has now launched a campaign to take it down, kicked off by a live televised address to the state.

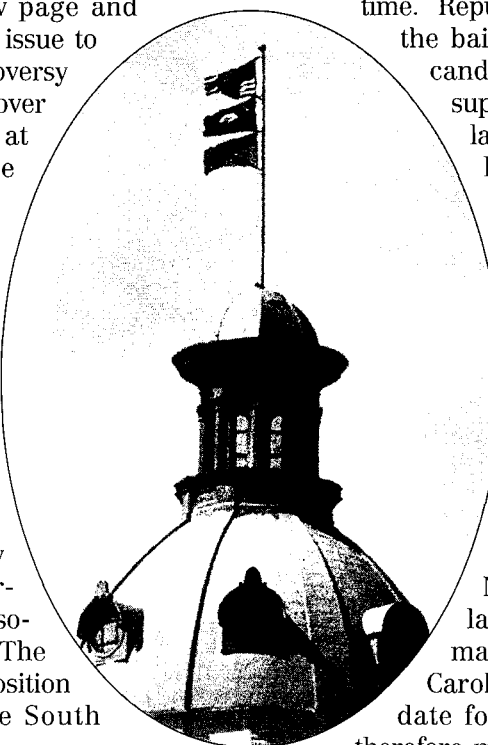
A member of Ralph Reed's Christian Coalition, Beasley has couched his arguments in evangelical pieties, calling for a new "ministry of reconciliation" between the races and claiming that he was moved to relocate the flag while praying in the middle of the night (which may be the first time a politician has ever blamed God for broken campaign promises). Not coincidentally, Ralph Reed speculated in a recent issue of *Newsweek* magazine that David Beasley of South Carolina would make a very fine candidate for President in the year 2000. We

therefore may be witnessing the glimmering of presidential ambition in another glib Governor from a small Southern state who plays the connection between words and deeds loosely.

As we go to press the South Carolina legislature is gearing up for its 1997 Session. Beasley hopes to have the flag removed quickly (in the first two months of the Session) so that voters will have two years to get over it before the 1998 elections.

But there is a fly in the ointment. South Carolina's Attorney General (also a Republican) has stood up against Governor Beasley. After the Governor delivered his televised sermon (urging that the flag be removed) Attorney General Charlie Condon gave a powerful rebuttal. After the two men delivered their speeches, a South Carolina television station conducted a 1-900 phone-in poll, asking viewers whether they agreed with Beasley or Condon. Nearly 7,000 calls jammed the switchboards: 87% agreed with Condon.

So Governor Beasley's road to the White House is off to a rocky start in South Carolina. The text that follows is taken from Attorney General Condon's rebuttal.



Flag Defender Rises

Rebuttal by Attorney General Charles M. Condon to Governor David M. Beasley's Proposal to Remove South Carolina's Confederate Battleflag, Tues. Nov. 26, 1996

Ladies and gentlemen, my name is Charlie Condon, Attorney General for South Carolina. Thank you for giving me this opportunity to respectfully disagree with my friend David Beasley.

I can remember, very clearly, during the 1994 election, David and I campaigned together all across the state.

Many times, we were asked about the Confederate flag. And we both promised, many, many times, that we would never support taking down the flag.

Now that we are no longer candidates, I wish with all my heart that David and I were still standing together on that issue tonight. But unfortunately we are not.

Before I agreed to speak on this emotional question, I thought about it. And I prayed about it. I fully realize that the position I am taking tonight will not be well-received in some very powerful quarters.

David has already been widely praised in the news media. And my position is certain to be criticized by the same commentators.

But I finally decided that I have an obligation, as an elected official, to speak the truth.

And the truth is this: the editorial writers and the politicians who have relentlessly criticized the Confederate flag should be ashamed of themselves.

By bringing the issue up, over and over again, they are the ones who are sounding the drumbeat of discontent. They are the ones who are driving the wedge of division. In the cause of harmony, they have created an atmosphere of malice.

The root issue of this controversy is not where the Confederate flag flies. The issue is what the flag stands for.

If that flag is a symbol of honor, as the Governor and I agree that it is, then there should be no controversy. Why are we even here talking about it? On the other hand, if it is a symbol of racism and hate, then it shouldn't be flying at all, at any place or at any time.

As one citizen, I can tell you what the Confederate flag means to me. I have ancestors on both my mother's side and my father's side who fought bravely for the South. They never owned slaves. In fact, most

Confederate soldiers were not slave owners. They were poor farmers defending their homes.

Over 40,000 South Carolinians were casualties of that war. The tremendous loss of human life touched every home and it broke every heart. And the meaning of the battle flag was defined, for all time, by the blood and the tears of the men and the women whose remains now rest in graveyards all across the State.

In death their voices are silent. Only we can speak for them now. Only we can defend the meaning of their lives.

So let us ask ourselves this question: what is the message of our past? Are we to regard our State's heritage as essentially good and decent? Or shall we agree with the extremist groups who define the flag as a symbol of hate?

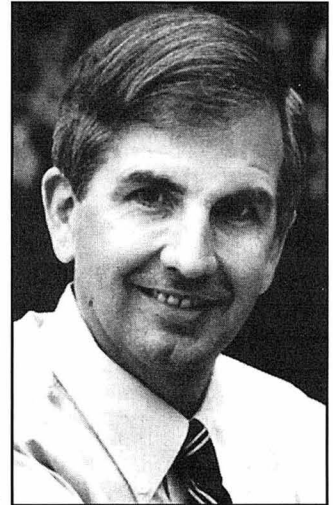
In my judgment, moving the flag would be a victory for the extremist groups. They would immediately start planning their next crisis, their next outrage, their next demand. That's what they do. Controversy is their business. It is not possible to appease the merchants of hate. And it is a mistake even to try.

Some have also argued that the presence of the Confederate flag hurts our economy. How can any one even make that argument? For the past thirty years, our state has enjoyed a record-breaking economy. We have more minority-owned business per capita than any other state. And more to the point, we should never compromise our principles for money.

I would like to see the Confederate flag left alone. Surely the time has come for us turn our attention as a State to the present and to issues of substance that must be addressed right away.

In fact, when you think about it, this debate here tonight really is incredible. It truly amazes me that the Governor has chosen a flag that has flown atop the Statehouse for over thirty years as the subject of his first statewide address.

Teenage pregnancy is at an all time high. We have gambling parlors and drug dealers lurking at virtually



every street corner in our cities. Our highways and bridges—the infrastructure of our State—needs immediate attention.

Our public school system is at—or near—the bottom of every category we can measure. And yet here we are, on live television, talking about the Confederate flag. What does that say about our priorities?

My focus is different. I would rather ask this question: What can we do to solve real problems? For example, a real issue that some people have tried to link to the Confederate flag is crime—violent crime—church burnings and other hate crimes.

But the Confederate flag did not burn those churches. The flag did not shoot those young men at Pelion. Those crimes were committed by criminals.

That's why I announced a few weeks ago that my office is developing a legislative package to crack down on hate crime. In fact, I am prepared to announce tonight that a key provision of our plan is to call for the death penalty for any one who kills another human being in the course of committing a hate crime.

That sort of strong, positive action raises a question at the heart of this debate. Would we rather take down the flag—or take down the hate groups?

Is it better to argue about the meaning of the Confederate flag—or to discuss ways to improve education, to create better jobs and more economic opportunity for the future?

For my part, I hope the Governor decides not to introduce any legislation at all dealing with the Confederate flag. It is a distraction. I would rather hear the Governor's proposals on education, on welfare reform and on tax relief.

In a recent speech, Governor Beasley said that the flag controversy is divisive. I agree. It is divisive. So why focus on issues that divide us? Let us come together now and focus on issues we can address as one people, united in common purpose.

And if the question of whether the Confederate flag should continue flying atop the Statehouse cannot be avoided, then let the voters decide the issue in a simple referendum. Let's measure the will of the majority and then move on.

Finally, Governor Beasley says he does not want his children to be fighting over the Confederate flag ten years from now. Well, neither do I. I don't want his children or my children or your children fighting over this or any other issue.

But does any one seriously believe that moving the flag to the Statehouse grounds will silence the extremists or end the controversy? We don't have to look far to see what happens when we, as a society, compromise our principles.

Just a few decades ago, we heard that some people were offended by religious expression in the classrooms of America. Today, our children are no longer allowed to pray in school.

More recently, we heard that some people were offended by the all male tradition at the Citadel. Today, single-gender education is no longer an option at public colleges.

Now we are told that some are offended by the Confederate flag. And, so, the Governor thinks, by moving the flag from the dome to the front of the Statehouse, that we can stop the controversy. My friends, it just won't work.

In no time at all, the same people who now criticize the Confederate flag on the dome will attack its location at the monument. And before long, our history will be rewritten. The children of South Carolina will be taught, in the name of political correctness, to be ashamed of their State's history.

If we allow that to happen, how can we protect our children? How can we even live with ourselves? It is never wise to sacrifice the truth in the cause of political expediency.

The key to dealing with this issue is not tearing down the Confederate flag. The key is to build up an atmosphere of trust and mutual respect.

Every one remembers the famous speech by Martin Luther King. He spoke eloquently of his dream—a dream that, one day, people will be judged not by the color of their skin but by the content of their character—a dream that, one day, the sons of former slaves and the sons of former slaveowners will be able to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

I believe we can achieve that dream in our lifetime. But a campaign to take down the Confederate flag is not the answer.

The answer comes from the greatest teacher of all. Two thousand years ago, He taught us to forgive each other and to be peacemakers. And He upheld a commandment as old as time itself, a commandment to honor the memory of our fathers and our mothers.

If we do those things, we can reach out to each other in a positive way and still remain faithful to our heritage.

So, let us act on that wisdom. Without threats or harsh words, without any pre-conditions at all, without attacking each others past, the time has come to sit down together at the table of brotherhood.

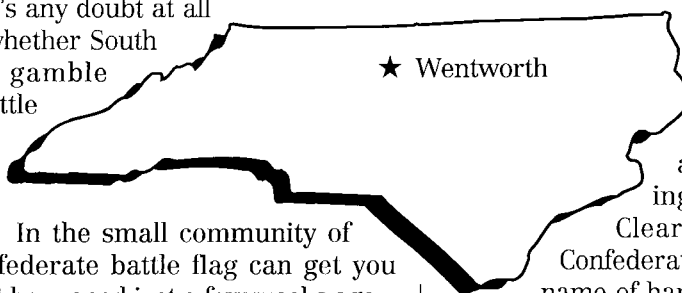
Thank you. God bless you and your family as we continue to work together for a better South Carolina.

★

The Slippery Slope

Just in case there's any doubt at all in your mind about whether South Carolinians should gamble that moving their battle flag might appease the critics, look across the border into North Carolina. In the small community of Wentworth, the Confederate battle flag can get you arrested. Here is what happened just a few weeks ago:

Fifteen high school students wore battle flag t-shirts to school to protest an October 16, 1996 editorial in the Rockingham County High School newspaper which criticized the battle flag as a symbol of ignorance and hate. In response, the principal demanded that the students go home and change clothes. They complied



but came back after hours (peacefully) with their t-shirts for the homecoming football game, whereupon the principal had them arrested for trespassing. One

kid who could not afford the \$2,500 bail spent two days in jail.

Ultimately the trespass charges were dropped. Then the principal tried to get the district attorney to indict the boys for inciting to riot. Wisely the DA refused.

Clearly the message is this: once the Confederate flag is officially dishonored in the name of harmony (as some seek to dishonor it now in South Carolina) the slippery slope of compromise can lead to unpleasant places, apparently including jail if you're not careful. The appetite of the extremists is insatiable. Feeding them small victories is just not a good idea.

Scalawag Award



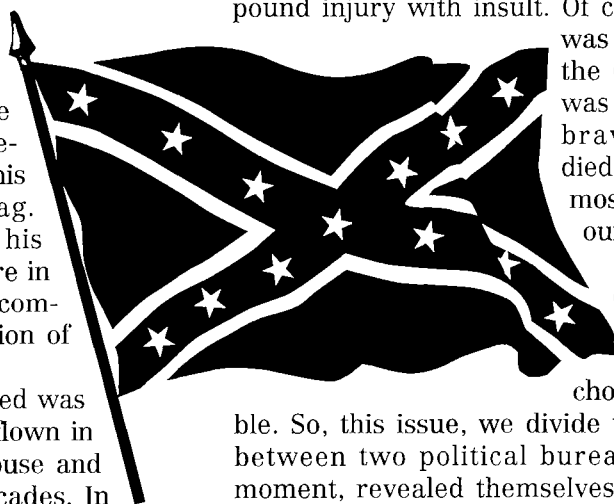
The Governor of South Carolina, who is now attempting to have the Confederate battle flag removed from its present position on top of the state capitol building, (see details elsewhere in *Obiter Dicta*) does not, at this writing, fully qualify as a Scalawag. Since he has not yet succeeded in his effort, Governor David Beasley is more in the status of a Scalawannabe. The complete Scalawag requires consummation of betrayal.

In Baton Rouge, however, the deed was done. A Confederate battle flag has flown in Memorial Hall between the State House and Senate chambers for over three decades. In September of this year, the Louisiana Senate Secretary Mike Baer and House Clerk Alfred "Butch" Speer removed the flag. In response to a firestorm of

complaints the two men simply lied. The removal of the flag, they said, oh so officiously, had nothing whatsoever to do with yielding to complaints or political pressure. "What we're trying to be," Speer said, "is historically correct...the Confederate battle flag never flew over Louisiana." As you might guess, the battle flag was not replaced by any of the official flags of the Confederacy.

Baer and Speer obviously think they're being clever. What better way to placate those who take their history seriously than to feign fidelity to historical accuracy? These two weasels therefore compound injury with insult. Of course the battle flag was not the official flag of the Confederacy. But it was the flag under which brave men fought and died in what remains the most defining moment in our history.

Lacking the courage to reveal their true motives, Baer and Speer chose instead to dissemble. So, this issue, we divide the Scalawag Award between two political bureaucrats who, in one moment, revealed themselves to be both cowards and liars. But don't worry, fellow, in calling you both Scalawags, we don't intend to offend you. We're just trying to be historically correct.



Sheldon Vanauken

August 4, 1914-October 28, 1996

There is no pilgrimage more interesting than that by which a man becomes what he was not. To Southerners generally and to Virginians specifically, the pilgrimage of Sheldon Vanauken has been an unvarying illumination and a singular blessing.

He was a son of the Midwest, yet in reconnecting with the land of his forebears he became the quintessential Virginian gentleman. He was reared in the Disciples of Christ but, not surprisingly for a man whose studies took him to England, he became an Episcopalian. His devotion to indispensable traditions finally carried him to the Church of Rome, and probably it is as a Southerner and Catholic that he will be best remembered.

But the reunion of which people remarked in Lynchburg, Virginia, and 'round the literate world when word reached them of Vanauken's death on October 28, was, "Van has gone to join Davy." Thousands of readers worldwide immediately experienced the sentiment. The couple, separated by the death of Davy, his wife, in 1955, (a separation beautifully rendered in Van's "autobiography of a love," *A Severe Mercy*) were now together again, in Christ. For Van, at 82, had died of cancer.

Sheldon Vanauken leaves many imperishable legacies. He was, for example, a scholar and a teacher. Born and reared in Indianapolis, Indiana, he was graduated from Wabash College, served in the Navy during World War II, subsequently took an M.A. from Yale University, and in 1950 studied at Oxford, where he and Davy came under the influence (and earned the friendship) of the late, great Christian thinker and writer, C. S. Lewis. This learning and wisdom Van bequeathed to his students at Lynchburg College, on whose English faculty he served from 1948 'til his retirement in 1980.

His legacies include the world-famous *A Severe Mercy*, which has blessed the lives and redeemed the destinies of millions of readers and which won the prestigious American Book Award for 1977, and its sequel, *Under the Mercy*; a novel, *Gateway to Heaven*; a volume of poems, *Mercies*; the new *The Little Lost Marion and Other Mercies*, and *The Glittering Illusion: English Sympathy for the Southern Confederacy*.

Van's devotion to Virginia and his eloquent, even

elegant and brave articulation of Southern purposes in the Old War, of Southern principles and convictions since, are well known to readers of *Southern Partisan*, on whose board of Advisors and Contributors he was

pleased and properly proud to sit. So that another of Van's legacies is to be found in the luminous essays and letters-to-editors that he composed on the people and the principles of his beloved Old Dominion, on Robert E. Lee, and on Jeb Stuart and "Jine the Cav'ry."

Van's legacy includes, too, his step-daughter-the fabled Little Lost Marion. And there is, finally, the legacy of a host of friends glad for their fellow in his long-awaited passage but bereft now of one of the finest of men, of the most amiable of companions, a generous correspondent, and an exemplar in faith.

—David A. Bovenizer



Philadelphia Society R E P O R T

The Philadelphia Society was founded in 1964. Its purpose was then and is now to provide Conservatives an opportunity to discuss national issues in an academic-style setting free from the censoring authority of the left. Texan Mel Bradford was a former President and a number of Southerners sit on the advisory board including our newest board member, T. Kenneth Cribb.

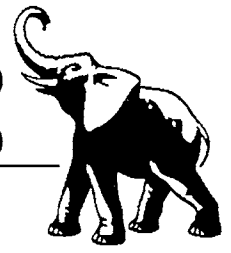
The Southern regional meeting is usually the best attended and its discussions the most provocative. Such was the case in the November 22-24 meeting in Williamsburg, Virginia.

Very quickly, here are some of the heretical doctrines espoused: Barry Alan Shain of Colgate University (New York) argued that religious piety was just as significant to the founding of the country as Lockean-Jeffersonian rationalism. Kevin Gutzman of the University of Virginia gave a true picture of James Madison: a most unSouthern supporter of centralization of power (he favored a national veto of state laws) and a sniveling second banana to the real voice of Virginia: Anti-federalist Patrick Henry. But it was Winston McCuen of Emory University who had the Yankees and the Straussians reaching for their Alka-Seltzer. McCuen told the gathered throng that Calhoun was right and that it was the Southern army that fought for the Constitution, liberty and freedom. Mel Bradford would have enjoyed the show. Look for one or more of these articles in a future *Southern Partisan*.



Election '96:

A SPECIAL REPORT



For *Southern Partisan* readers, watching the network coverage of election night 1996 was a frustrating experience. It was painful to watch as commentators, for hours on end, gathered in New York, Washington, and Atlanta, reported the results but missed the real meaning behind the returns. Even with an Electoral College map large enough to hide Tom Brokaw's bias NBC failed to understand that Election 1996 proved one thing beyond doubt: the South is different from the rest of the country.

Sure *Florida* and *Louisiana* fell to Clinton; and the home states of the Democratic ticket (*Arkansas* and *Tennessee*) stayed with their favorite sons. But even in those states, other conservative candidates farther down the ticket were overwhelmingly victorious. After replacing Gov. Jim Guy Tucker with a Baptist preacher last year (Mike Huckabee) *Arkansas* continued along that path by electing another preacher to the United States Senate, Bob Jones graduate Tim Hutchinson. (His brother Asa, an attorney, succeeded him in Congress just to keep District 3 in the family.) *Tennessee* re-elected former movie star Sen. Fred Thompson and at this writing Louisiana has two new Republican Congressmen! (Louisiana may have a Republican senator if Woody Jenkins' accusations of fraud are heard. But then again, this is Louisiana.) In *Florida*, another Clinton state, 60% of its Congressmen are Republican.

Other states with significant conservative shifts include: *Alabama* (where a Republican was elected to replace Howell Heflin and two other seats shifted to the GOP), *Mississippi* (where two more Republicans were elected to Congress), and *Texas* (where Republicans finally made a dent in the gerrymandered Texas Congressional district system and picked up three seats).

In the border states of *Oklahoma*, *Missouri*, *Kentucky* there were moderate GOP gains, as each

state sent one more Republican to Congress than before. This is most significant for *Oklahoma*, where there are now no Democrat U.S. Senators or U.S. Congressmen. This in a state where Democrats dominate the state senate 33-15 and the state house 65-36.

In summary, here is what the experts missed: Before the 1996 elections, the *West* was the most overwhelmingly Republican regional delegation in the United States Congress at 58% GOP. This was followed by the *Midwest* at 55%, the *South* at 53%, and the *Northeast* at 41%. In 1996, the *South* leapfrogged the Midwest and West to take the #1 Most Republican spot with 61% of its Congressmen bearing the Republican label. The *West* is a distant second at 54%, followed by the *Midwest* at 51%, and the *Northeast* at 41%.


The *South* controls the Republican party in the Congress as well, with 37% of the House Republicans (up from 32% after 1994). All the others are far behind. The *Midwest* has 24% of the Republicans (down from 26% in 1994), the *West* is at 22% (down from 23% in 1994), and the *Northeast* has 17% of Republican Congressmen (down from 19%).

The message is simple. In the 1992-1996 era, the *South* has consistently elected more and more conservative Republicans to Congress; and the North has, with less consistency (1994 was a big GOP year in the North; 1996 wasn't) elected more and more Liberal Democrats. The South is so conservative that it refused to send any significant number of electoral votes in support of the Democratic ticket for two out of two elections.

Therefore the regional character of the South is expressed not only in the way we talk and the things we talk about but also in how we vote. For complete state by state results from the new South (in whose bosom the heart of the Old Confederacy still beats) see the special report compiled in *CSA Today*, which appears on the following pages.



CSA Today

The seal of the Confederate States of America is circular. It features George Washington on horseback in the center, surrounded by a wreath. The outer ring contains the text "THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA: 22 FEBRUARY 1862" and the motto "DEO VINDICE" at the bottom.

Alabama

Folks in Dadeville, Alabama take their Bible seriously, as a recent incident illustrates.

Gabel Taylor and another unnamed man were engaged in a Bible-quoting contest outside their apartment complex, each quoting the same passage in a different way, each insisting he was right and the other was wrong. Finally the unnamed man went to his Bible, checked the passage, and discovered the terrible truth: Gabel Taylor was right. The man was so undone by this discovery that he got a gun, looked Taylor up, and shot him in the face, effectively ending the dispute.

Witnesses reported, "He said Taylor did know more and that made him mad."

The last we heard, the suspect, sought for first-degree murder, was still at large.



Arkansas

Ikie Owens, a Wal-Mart manager, decided he would do something a little different; so, for the first time in his life, he went on a sky-diving outing with his sister-in-law and some friends. And he got a thrill he hadn't expected: His first parachute opened late, became entangled with his reserve chute, and he fell 3,500 feet.

The result: a broken neck, five chipped vertebrae, a fractured pelvis, a broken hip, a shattered femur, a collapsed lung, and a ruptured bladder. But he didn't even lose consciousness after he hit.

As his wife explained it, "God and his little flock of angels helped him on the way down."



Florida

You're not going to believe this, so there's probably no point in telling the story — but here goes anyway.

In Tampa, a cat named Tipper, in attempting to take off his flea collar, managed to get a portion of the leather in its mouth and was strangling. No one was at home. It looked like the end of the ninth life for Tipper.

But he knew what to do. He knocked the phone off the hook and stamped the speed dial, which was programmed to dial 911. When Elena Arroyo answered at the Hillsboro County Sheriff's office, she heard a gagging meow.

"Oh, my God," she said, "it's a cat on the phone."

After listening to what sounded a lot like a cat choking, the folks at headquarters dispatched a unit to the house, found the animal, and adjusted its collar.

The cat's owner was delighted, but Tipper wasn't entirely satisfied.

"They took their own sweet time in getting here," the cat told *Southern Partisan*. "Shoot, in another minute or two I'd have been dead."



Georgia

Now that the Olympics are over, all sorts of people are coming out of their bomb shelters, blinking at the sunlight, ready to begin their normal lives again. And familiar symbols have returned

- It's again permissible to fly the Georgia flag from poles in the vicinity of the Olympic Stadium.

- The literature about Stone Mountain will

ELECTION RESULTS

ALABAMA	1995	1997	ARKANSAS	1995	1997	FLORIDA	1995	1997
U.S. Congress	4-3 Dem.	5-2 Rep.	U.S. Congress	2-2 Split	2-2 Split	U.S. Congress	15-8 Rep.	15-8 Rep.
U.S. Senate	1-1 Split	2-0 Rep.	U.S. Senate	2-0 Dem.	1-1 Split	U.S. Senate	1-1 Split	1-1 Split
REPUBLICANS +3			REPUBLICANS +1			UNCHANGED		

again mention the granite frieze of Lee, Jackson, and Davis that was omitted from official Olympic literature.

- County governments all over the South will again be able to pass resolutions in favor of traditional family values without Atlanta Olympics officials rushing to punish them.

- And perhaps most important of all, inmates of the Dekalb County Jail will be able to come back to their cells, which were occupied during the games by the Georgia National Guard. The Guard wanted to be as close to the stadium as possible—not to prevent terrorism, you understand, but just in case somebody tried to smuggle in a Confederate flag.



Kentucky

If you want to understand the recent election, take a close look at Kentucky. Clinton won the state by a small plurality, but the Republicans picked up a seat in the House. (The GOP now controls the delegation by a 5-1 margin.) Kentuckians also sent popular Republican Mitch McConnell back to the U.S. Senate.

Early in the evening, network commentators were anticipating Democratic gains in Kentucky because Clinton was clearly leading there, but the President had the shortest coattails in recent memory. Obviously Kentuckians remained conservative but didn't care for Bob Dole. Like other Americans, they distrusted Clinton and voted for him all the same, albeit by the tiniest margin.

Clearly Kentucky would have been easy pickings for a Ronald Reagan. Perhaps the Republican National Committee would do well to send an army of pollsters into the state and ask folks why they voted as they did. They would probably tell the GOP a lot about the attitude of the nation as a whole, and why Bob Dole couldn't beat a scandal-ridden opponent, even in Kentucky.



Louisiana

In August we got a call from a man who said he has a conversation with the ghost of Huey P. Long just about every afternoon between the hours of four and six.

"He comes and sits in my parlor," the man said in a quavering voice, "and we shoot the breeze for a few minutes. Then he leaves."

Does he fade away like the Cheshire cat or does he just vanish in an instant?

"He comes and goes in a hurry, but I don't pay much attention to that."

We asked why he came to the caller and not to somebody else?

"Because I've been around since the early twenties, and I knew people he knew."

Like whom?

"Well, the singer Gene Austin for one. Huey knew him in Washington during the Depression. I knew him in the 1950s and 1960s. Sometimes we sing Gene Austin songs, like 'My Blue Heaven' and 'Romona.' I think he first came to my house because he heard me playing old Gene Austin records."

Do they ever talk about politics?

"Whenever I mention the subject, he disappears. I brought up Dwight Eisenhower once, and he made an ugly sound with his mouth. He likes to talk about people he knew in the old days, mostly women."

Would the caller give us his name?

"No way, José. Ol' Huey would be mad at me if he knew I was talking to you right now."



Maryland

You may have read the story about President Clinton releasing a bald eagle into the Southern Maryland air as a symbol of the Administration's commitment to ecology. Of the eagle, the President said, "She wanted to be free even more than we wanted to free her, I think."

It was a good photo-op for the President, who needed all the help he could get, since at the time he

ELECTION RESULTS

GEORGIA	1995	1997	KENTUCKY	1995	1997	LOUISIANA	1995	1997
U.S. Congress	7-4 Rep.	8-3 Rep.	U.S. Congress	4-2 Rep.	5-1 Rep.	U.S. Congress	4-3 Dem.	5-2 Rep.
U.S. Senate	1-1 Split	1-1 Split	U.S. Senate	1-1 Split	1-1 Split	U.S. Senate	2-0 Dem.	2-0 Dem.
REPUBLICANS +1			REPUBLICANS +1			REPUBLICANS +2		

was only leading Senator Dole by about 20 percentage points in the polls.

According to the *Washington Times*, "About 100 seagulls, herons and cranes surprisingly appeared in the sky, as if to welcome the eagle back."

The follow-up story, in case you missed it, was a little less Romantic. The eagle flew over the nest of a couple of ospreys who took after the eagle and mugged it in mid-air. Later, worried naturalists retrieved the wounded bird from the water and took it back to the Clinton welfare state, where it clearly belonged.



Mississippi

Lisa Herdahl and the ACLU have won a great victory in Pontotoc County: They've stopped student-led prayers. U.S. District Judge Neal Biggers ruled in favor of Ms. Herdahl on the prayer question; but he didn't outlaw Bible classes, so these continue—at least for the time being. However, Ms. Herdahl is complaining bitterly because her son, in order to avoid hearing subversive scriptural teachings, has been told to wear earphones during Bible study.

We expect to hear from Judge Biggers on this matter before the wild geese fly southward.



Missouri

As an example of how caloused we've become, In Kansas City a funeral home has apparently been picking up stillborn babies, bagging them, and burning them with the rest of the trash. The hospital, it seems, had offered to arrange free cremation for stillborn infants, and some parents had taken them up on the offer, thinking the bodies of their children would be disposed of in a dignified manner. Now they find that they've been incinerated with refuse.

The hospital has cancelled their contract with the funeral home. In the meantime, we need to

examine this incident in the light of our growing abuse of children, to say nothing of the 1.3 million abortions performed every year.



North Carolina

In New Bern, So Roc, an outside dog with imagination, noted in the wee hours of the morning that his owners' house was on fire, so he started barking. No one heard him. At that point, most dogs would have given up and gone back to sleep, but So Roc decided to try another play.

He rang the doorbell.

When the family came to the front door, they saw the fire was already out of control and immediately cleared out. Just in time, as it turns out, because moments later everything went up in smoke.

At this point the family is talking about letting So Roc sit at the dinner table and eat steak every day.



Oklahoma

Liberals are forever hearken-ing back to the 1960s, when young people were idealistic and willing to break all the rules in order to promote their own principles. Students in the '60s were particularly defiant of school authorities, who repressed dissident ideas while defending an outmoded orthodoxy.

Well, there's good news from Sand Springs, where youngsters are again thumbing their nose at the establishment.

April Arnold, an 18-year-old graduate, in addressing her classmates, used forbidden words and expressed forbidden sentiments. She talked about God and biblical values.

Needless to say, school superintendent George Paden was outraged at this obscenity. He sent her a sputtering letter, claiming that hundreds of people at the commencement exercises were offended by what she'd said.

So for all you middle-aged hippies who thought

E L E C T I O N R E S U L T S								
MARYLAND	1995	1997	MISSISSIPPI	1995	1997	MISSOURI	1995	1997
U.S. Congress	4-4 Split	4-4 Split	U.S. Congress	4-1 Dem.	3-2 Rep.	U.S. Congress	6-3 Dem.	5-4 Dem.
U.S. Senate	2-0 Dem.	2-0 Dem.	U.S. Senate	2-0 Rep.	2-0 Rep.	U.S. Senate	2-0 Rep.	2-0 Rep.
UNCHANGED			REPUBLICANS +2			REPUBLICANS+1		

the Age of Aquarius had come to a screeching halt, cheer up. Abbie Hoffman lives.

And in a related story, four people are suing the University of Central Oklahoma because the design of its official flag includes, a steam engine, an oil derrick, a tower, a covered wagon, and—a cross. Guess which image the four plaintiffs and the ACLU want purged? If you said the oil derrick, you're wrong.



South Carolina

A malady known as "Battered Conservative Syndrome" (BCS) has hit the South Carolina Governor's office. BCS was first diagnosed by nationally syndicated columnist Joe Sobran to describe Bob Dole's mushy centrist campaign.

In South Carolina, BCS is reaching epidemic proportions. Here is the situation. Just one year ago flag forces thought they had solved the problem of the flag's precarious legal position by passing a statute to keep the flag flying on the Statehouse dome. As an outward and visible sign of sensitivity to South Carolinians of African-American descent, the legislature also voted to create a monument on the Statehouse grounds to black heritage. Lawsuits were dropped, opponents were silenced, and the Governor signed a bill to forbid anyone from even looking cross-eyed at the flag without consent of the legislature. Megawatt spotlights illumine the flag (and the scaffolds) from dusk to dawn so that no one misunderstands the importance of the banner under which 17,000 South Carolinians gave their lives.

But now Republican Governor David Beasley appears to be ready to snatch defeat from the jaws of victory. He has ordered his bugler, Ms. Ginny Wolfe (actually his Communications Director) to sound full retreat. Beasley announced in late November that he would work to present a "Compromise Bill" in January to move the flag from the dome to the Confederate Monument on the Statehouse grounds. Insiders report that Beasley has national ambitions (perhaps even Presidential ambitions) and his advisors worry that Mr. Beasley's potential career might be limited by the Battle Flag.

Those infected with the Palmetto Battered Conservative virus have deployed their forces piecemeal and have had several lapses in intelligence. Somehow the Southern Heritage Association and the SC Division SCV found out about the Compromise Bill before most of the key players were solidly on board; before some had even heard of it. The Battered were further battered when US Congressman Lindsey Graham, Attorney General Charlie Condon, Senate Rules Committee Chairman Glenn McConnell, House Invitations Committee Chairman Rick Quinn, and former Congressman (and State Senator-elect) Arthur Ravenel, and scores of other state elected officials told the Governor "No Way José!" As we go to press, the Governor has been seen in his office dialing 9-1-1 repeatedly and mumbling something about the need for a new bugler.



Tennessee

If you're looking for the model family of 21st-century liberalism, you might well choose the McCarys of Tennessee—Don, Ron, and Richard. Don, a Baptist preacher from Hixson, just won a new trial after being sentenced to 72 years for 13 sexual offenses against four boys. Twin brother Ron is in prison at Pikesville for raping a six-year-old boy. Older brother Richard, a former preacher, is a fugitive, having pleaded guilty to molesting four boys a decade ago.

Soon, very soon, we're going to be told by "health-care experts" that this kind of behavior stems from an "orientation" and is therefore normal, natural, and healthy. Anyone who disapproves of it will be dismissed as a "pedophobe." As Congressman Gerry Studds of Massachusetts said before the House of Representatives recently, sooner or later society as a whole will sanction homosexual conduct. He may be right, and you can be certain the pedophiles are standing in line, waiting to be legitimized next. Meanwhile, the brothers McCary are regarded as criminals by the backward state of Tennessee. When they are paroled, let's hope they move to the progressive State of Massachusetts, where they're sure to be welcomed with open arms.

E L E C T I O N R E S U L T S								
N. CAROLINA	1995	1997	OKLAHOMA	1995	1997	S. CAROLINA	1995	1997
U.S. Congress	8-4 Rep.	6-6 Split	U.S. Congress	5-1 Rep.	6-0 Rep.	U.S. Congress	4-2 Rep.	4-2 Rep.
U.S. Senate	2-0 Dem.	2-0 Rep.	U.S. Senate	2-0 Rep.	2-0 Rep.	U.S. Senate	1-1 Split	1-1 Split
DEMOCRATS +2			REPUBLICANS +1			UNCHANGED		



Texas

Secession is one thing, but a small organization is maintaining that the Lone Star State was brought into the Union illegally (in 1845), that there are only 49 states, and that Texas ain't one of them.

The name of the organization is the Republic of Texas and its members are dead serious—or so it appears.

As one of them put it, "We're like Bosnia or some of those other Eastern European break-away nations."

Another member added, "Only we've always been a country."

They have been pursuing their cause through the courts, and recently U.S. Judge Lucius D. Bunton III lost his patience with the steady stream of motions and lawsuits. He ordered the Republic of Texas folks to cease and desist. "I want to get out of this," he muttered.

When a spokesman for the group told the court they would pursue their claims with the Congress of the United States, the Judge brightened up considerably.

"That might be very interesting," he said with a grin.

If the Congress doesn't respond, however, members of the group warn of an uprising.

"We have control of all the militias in Texas," one spokesman pointed out. "We've organized all the existing militias into what we call the Texas Defense System."

Meanwhile, the organization has its own ambassador to the U.S. and fully anticipates diplomatic recognition.



Virginia

The senatorial race in Virginia went down to the wire. In the end, however, John Warner squeaked by Mark Warner, an unknown challenger who had little to recommend him except a picturesque family and an enormous bank account. Mark's greatest issue: the waning popularity of John.

The final count gave the incumbent about 53 percent of the vote to Mark's 47 percent. Supporters had expected the Senator to win by a 10-15-point margin.

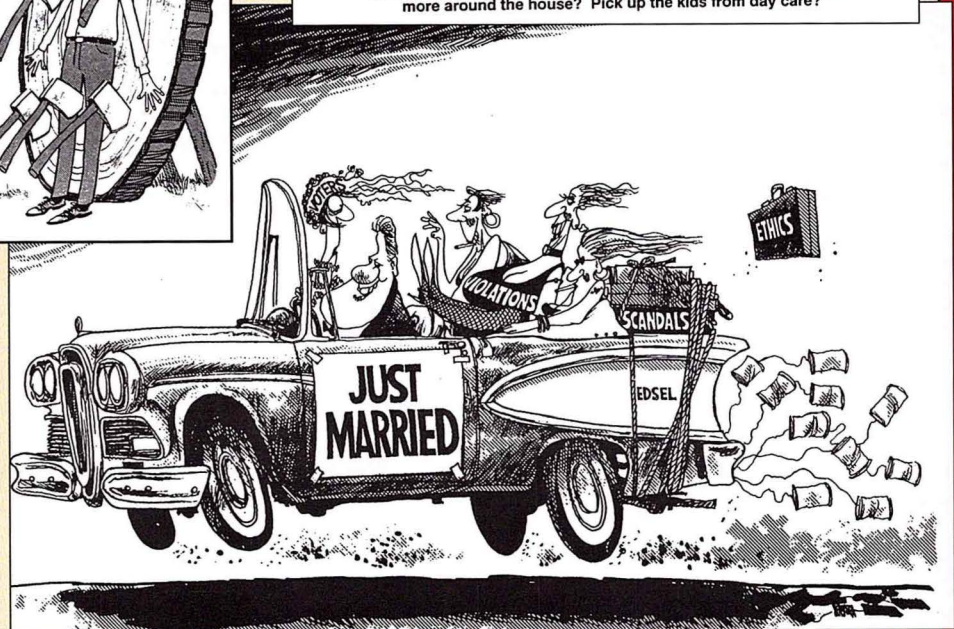
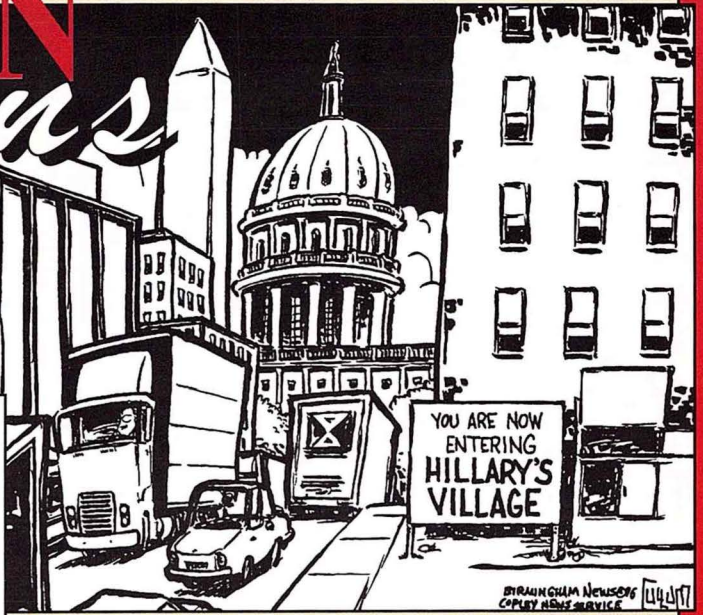
Had conservatives made half an effort, they could have ensured his defeat and taught the liberal wing of the Virginia party an enduring lesson. (Remember that Warner — displaying the arrogance that increasingly characterizes his public persona — opposed his party's nominee in 1994 and backed a renegade Republican instead of Oliver North.)

But instead of fielding their own candidate this year, pro-family conservatives allowed themselves to be herded to the polls like corn-fed hogs to market. Herded by whom? By the Christian Coalition, of course, which distributed a voters guide on the final Sunday that made John Warner look like Jesse Helms. (Despite the fact that the Senator had voted for federal funding of abortion in D.C., the Christian Coalition recorded him as opposing "taxpayer funding of abortion.")

So John Warner will serve another six years in the Senate, and pro-family conservatives will think long and hard before they seek office as Republicans, knowing that the last man who tried it was stabbed in the back by Warner and his establishment buddies. Politics is a blood sport. If Christian Coalition leaders don't have the stomach for it, they should stay home and pray for those right-thinking people who do.

E L E C T I O N R E S U L T S								
TENNESSEE	1995	1997	TEXAS	1995	1997	VIRGINIA	1995	1997
U.S. Congress	5-4 Rep.	5-4 Rep.	U.S. Congress	19-11 Dem.	16-14 Dem.	U.S. Congress	6-5 Dem.	6-5 Rep.
U.S. Senate	2-0 Rep.	2-0 Rep.	U.S. Senate	2-0 Rep.	2-0 Rep.	U.S. Senate	1-1 Split	1-1 Split
UNCHANGED			REPUBLICANS +3			UNCHANGED		

PARTISAN 'toons



The Conservatism of the Heart

Editor's Note:

The following speech is a Southern Partisan exclusive. "The Conservatism of the Heart" was delivered at the California Center for the Arts in Escondido, California on August 11, 1996, immediately preceding the Republican National Convention in San Diego. This is the address Pat Buchanan would have delivered to the nation in prime time if he had been given the opportunity by the Republican National Committee. It has never been published, and Southern Partisan is proud to bring it to you.

I want to talk tonight to talk about a "miracle campaign." This campaign came out of nowhere to set the agenda for the nation in 1996, to change the shape and direction of the Republican Party, and to alter the course of American history. I want to speak tonight about who we are, where we came from, where we are going. When we declared, 18 months ago, our campaign was a subject of bemusement to the Beltway elites. No one gave us a chance.

So, everyone was sweet to us—at first.

But, I will say, they sure made up for that later.

But, from the very beginning we had a dream. We had a plan. And we had a vision, a vision of a new con-

servatism of the heart, rooted in old and unchanging principles and values learned long ago in homes, schools and churches—and grounded in the patriotism, the love of country, and the enduring ideas of our Founding Fathers.

We entered the primaries of 1996, to give voice to the voiceless:

To the defenseless unborn—to the Forgotten Americans, left out and left behind in the raucous stampede toward a global economy—and a voice for those middle-class families, like the one I was raised in, for whom the American Dream has begun to vanish.

We were taught to believe life is a gift of God. No man can take it away. This right to life is inalienable, Jefferson said.

When we began, some called this issue of life a losing issue.

If you want to win this nomination, they said, back off a bit, Pat.

But this is not an issue on which you can compromise, or split the difference. Because it is not simply a matter of "personal conscience." It is a matter of morality, of right and wrong. It is the defining issue of an age where the Culture of Life is locked in mortal struggle for the soul of America with a

Culture of Death.

We simply must protect innocent human life, anywhere and everywhere, whether the unborn, the mentally disabled, or the terminally ill.

That is God's commandment.

So, we spoke up, and stood up, and good people came and stood by us. And, because we stayed in this race, right up through platform week, because we refused to fold our tents, Bay and Phyllis and Terry and Mary Summa and Sandy and Colleen were in San Diego—to fight on the ice.

Because the Buchanan Brigades would not compromise, and because we would not quit, the Republican Party remains tonight a pro-life party.

And our opponents views have been placed in the appendix, which is where they belong.

Friends, we believe in tolerance of those with whom we disagree. But, I must tell the members of my party in all sincerity:

The day my party walks away from innocent unborn, that day it ceases to be my party.

"What doth it profit a man," the Bible asks, "if he gain the whole world, but suffer the loss of his soul?" What is true of a man, is true

of a party, and is true of a country.

We have forgotten that, as a nation and a people, we are under God's judgment. We are under God's law. We have forgotten that America is more than her Gross National Product. She is more than the world's largest economy. She is more than the sum of all we buy and sell. She is our country, our home.

We are not just "consumers." We Americans are citizens of a Republic, sons and daughters of a great nation, brothers and sisters; and we have obligations and duties to one another.

In this campaign I have been critical of the conduct of these transnational corporations that show no loyalty to their workers, nor allegiance to any country.

I do so, because, no matter how rich and powerful they are, they do not represent what is right about American enterprise.

■
Because the Buchanan Brigades would not compromise, and because we would not quit, the Republican Party remains tonight a pro-life party.
■

By → Patrick J. Buchanan



Let me tell you a story.
In the hours before the revolutionary war Thomas Nelson of Virginia stood in the House of Burgesses and declared, quote,

"I am a merchant of Yorktown, but I am a Virginian first... Let my trade perish. I call to God to witness that if any British are landed in the County of York, of which I am Lieutenant, I will wait no orders, but will... drive the invaders into the sea."

Seven years later the oath of Thomas Nelson was tested. He was Governor of Virginia, with Washington's army, at Yorktown. As his soldiers shelled the British army inside the town, Nelson asked his men why they were not firing at all—on one sector of the city.

"Out of respect to you, sir," a soldier said.

Nelson's men did not want to fire on his home—in Yorktown. So, Thomas Nelson stepped up to the cannons, ordered the artillery turned around, and gave the signal to fire at his own home.

His home was destroyed. And Thomas Nelson died in poverty, trying to pay off his debts.

That is character; and that is patriotism, and that is what we need. "Ask not what your country can do for you, ask what you can do for your

country," a young President said, 36 years ago.

Today, isn't it time we replaced a corporate ethic of avarice and egotism, with that grand old ethic of patriotism, self-sacrifice, and spirit of community and country of Americans like Thomas Nelson?

Friends, what are we doing to our own people?

In the tiny town of Raine, Louisiana, I stood outside a Fruit of the Loom sewing plant, built in 1992. The women who worked there said nothing—as I spoke. After just three years in operation, their plant was suddenly shutting down.

The company was opening a new plant, just like it, in Mexico.

In Washington, the think-tank academics respond: So what, these are "dead end jobs;" these are "sunset industries." Let 'em go!

But, to the women of Raine, these are the best jobs they ever had. Those six-dollar-an-hour jobs were how they were raising their kids. When they lose these jobs, they're not going to be making computers. They'll be on unemployment; and they'll be on welfare.

Across America, company towns are becoming ghost towns. Families are being uprooted, forced to move out, to find new work. Young women who want to stay home with preschool children are being forced into the labor market to maintain the family standard of living.

If not families, neighborhoods and communities, what is it we conservatives are trying to conserve?

Friends, either we Americans go forward together, or we're not going forward at all.

We must become one nation, and one people again.

Four years ago, I was up in Hayfork, high in the Trinity Alps of northern California. Loggers who had worked in that forest for generations had been cast onto the slag heap of society. A federal judge in Oregon had declared 9 million acres off limits to logging.

I spoke from the back of a flatbed truck. When I fin-

ished, three shy little girls came up, about thirteen or fourteen, and politely asked for my autograph. As I was signing, one whispered, "Mr. Buchanan; we all wish we were 18 years old, so we could vote for you—'cause all our daddies are losing their jobs."

What are we doing to our own people?

The economic security of our people is today being sacrificed, and America's national sovereignty is being surrendered.

Regularly, we read in the press that the IMF or World Bank has just made another multi-million dollar loan, backed by the full faith and credit of Americans, to a Chinese regime that killed our men in Korea, or a Hanoi regime that killed our boys in Vietnam.

Soldier-patriots like Michael New are court martialed—for refusing to take orders of UN officers. A World Trade Organization that did not exist two years ago, tells the United States to change its laws. European nations—that we defend—tells us we may not sanction Col. Khadafi's regime that murdered our schoolkids on Pan Am 103. A UN Secretary-General roams the world, at our expense, campaigning to keep his job—in defiance of the nation that created the UN—and created his job.

Our servants are becoming our masters.

You have my word: As long as there is life in me, I will spend the rest of my days fighting to restore the lost sovereignty of the United States, and to rescue the Republic I love from the grip of their godless New World

■

America does not need a third party. America needs a fighting second party, a party that means what it says, and says what it means, that not only preaches, but practices, a conservatism of the heart—that looks out for all our people, but especially for those who have no one else to look out for them, and no one else to speak for them.

■

Order.

Who will look out for America, if her own leaders will not?

Under NAFTA and GATT, the U.S. merchandise trade deficit has exploded to almost 200 billion dollar a year. That's four million lost jobs for America's working men and women—this year alone!

America is losing her industrial dynamism. She is becoming a dependent nation: Dependent on OPEC for oil, dependent on Japan to buy our debt. So dependent, that when a corrupt Mexican regime threatened not to pay its debts, we had to send it tens of billions of dollars, lest default by Mexico—bring America down.

Who did this to our country?

We need not look far:

Public officials who look on high office, not as a public trust, but a back door to personal wealth. Lobbyists who hire out to foreign interests,

and buy and sell their own country. Politicians who cannot see beyond their next fund raiser. Diplomats who see themselves as "Citizens of the World," rather than citizens of the United States.

Friends, the American people are crying for deliverance.

Let us join forces with men and women of all parties to clean up our politics. Let us put an end to all corporate contributions to political parties—and all PAC payoffs that have put America the Beautiful on an auction block—and corrupted the democratic politics of the greatest republic on earth.

Friends, I do not exaggerate: The issue of the new century will be whether America survives, as an independent republic, with her own defined borders, a common language, and a common culture.

A few miles south of here is a great country, with a great and good people, the Mexican people. But, robbed repeatedly by venal governments, the Mexican people are, by the millions, seeking their future in the United States. Desperate for work, they violate our borders and immigration laws to get here.

Our hearts go out to them.

But this land is our land. And this country is our country. And we have a duty to look out for America and Americans first.

Yet, our government seems paralyzed in enforcing its own laws, and protecting our own national frontiers. Friends, if we can send an army halfway around the world—to defend the borders of Bosnia and the borders of Saudi Arabia—why can't we defend the borders of the

United States of America?

As I said, my friends, we had a dream, and we had a plan:

Our dream was to capture this nomination, in a lightning series of upsets in the first primaries, before the Establishment woke up, to spend spring and summer unifying our party, and gathering the lost sheep of the Reform Party and the U.S. Taxpayers Party, then, leading a mighty populist and conservative coalition against President Clinton, and Prince Albert.

Our dream was to create a new Republican Party of Main Street, not K Street, of the Union Hall, as well as the Legion Hall, of the bleachers, as well as the sky boxes.

It was not so wild a dream.

Had Lamar run second, instead of a narrow third, in New Hampshire, we now know, Sen. Dole would have quit the race.

Had I worn a white hat, instead of that black hat, in Arizona, and hoisted fewer guns, friends say, we might have won Arizona—and the nomination. But, it was not to be.

But those were marvelous days. Shelley and I will cherish them all our lives.

There was Pioneer Day in Sholow, Arizona, out beyond the Apache Reservation. As we rumbled through the streets on a buckboard, behind high school bands and rodeo riders, a fellow on the side of the road, peered at me, hoisted a long-necked bottle of beer, and called out,

"Hey, Pat, welcome to the United States of America!"

There was that night in central Louisiana, at an evan-

gelical church, when I was to speak after the Christmas Play. As I sat waiting 45 minutes, I began to wonder. How long does this little play go on?

But when I entered the church I was astounded. Half this huge congregation was on stage, dressed in authentic costumes. Cecil B. DeMille could not have put on a more magnificent scene. I was in Bethlehem, 2000 years ago. Joseph, Mary and the Baby Jesus were at the center stage, surrounded by shepherds, wise men and angels. I was so moved, I cut loose with a sermon Billy Sunday could not have matched.

When I finished, all Bethlehem was standing and cheering.

Even King Herod was on his feet, fist in the air, shouting, "Go, Pat, Go!"

Now, this miracle campaign is coming to an end.

Tonight, we are headed down to San Diego, to my eighth Republican national convention, and Shelley's 10th. Folks may not know it, but that pretty blonde receptionist, outside Richard Nixon's campaign suite in Chicago, in 1960, was Shelley Buchanan.

Yet, still, some friends ask: Why even go, Pat, why even stay in a party some of whose leaders call us names, and who will not even let you speak at your own convention?

But, friends, this party is not just their party, it is our party, too.

Out in the heartland of America, it is a great party, full of spirit and soul. Out there, it remains Ronald Reagan's party: "Hopeful, big-hearted, idealistic—daring, decent and fair."

■

Our rivals may be waving from the podium, but it is our ideas that now reflect the grass roots of this party, our ideas that are fixed firmly within the Republican Platform.

■

And, friends, if we walk, look who we leave behind.

We walk away from the wonderful people who came out that freezing night in January, to stand in the cold for hours, at polling places in Kenai and Ketchikan, Anchorage and Fairbanks, to give us our first great victory of 1996.

As long as I live, I will never forget being awakened at four in the morning, in a hotel room in some tiny Iowa town, to hear Bay's voice on the phone—with a backdrop of all this raucous yelling and partying back on Elm Street in McLean, and hear Bay say, "Hey, Big Brother, you just won Alaska—by 170 votes." One hundred seventy votes! King of the Klondike!

We can't walk away from these people.

We can't walk away from the men and women in those mills, factories and plants who look to us for leadership and hope. We can't walk away from those folks who came out in the thousands, long after we had lost nomination—in Wisconsin, Michigan, California.

In late June of this year, friends, at that enormous Texas state convention, 15,000 people, no one got a warmer, wilder welcome.

These are our people.

We can't walk away from them.

And we can't walk away from Peggy Glenny.

Days after she had her fourth baby, Peggy Glenny got into her car every morning at 5 a.m. and drove through the snow, from farm to farm across western New York state, to get signatures to get me on the ballot in New York—while the party bosses there did everything to keep us off.

Friends, if we walk away from Peggy Glenny, who does she turn to? No, they stood by us; now, we must stand by them.

America does not need a third party. America needs a fighting second party, a party that means what it says, and says what it means, that not only preaches, but practices, a conservatism of the heart—that looks out for all our people, but especially for those who have no one else to look out for them, and no one else to speak for them.

Friends, we are making the Republican Party that kind of party again.

When no one else dared, back in 1991, we walked off a little TV show—and challenged a President of the United States. Yes, we lost. But the ideas we advanced were embraced in the platform of 1992; and those ideas gave us the great victory of 1994.

Read our party platform of 1996. Whole sections—the stand for life, protecting our borders, immigration reform, economic patriotism, fair trade, equal justice under law, restoring our lost sovereignty, Putting America First, they are right out of the speeches we have been giving for 18 months.

Friends, there is so

much of ours in that platform, that we've decided to ask Haley Barbour for royalties.

Our rivals may be waving from the podium, but it is our ideas that now reflect the grass roots of this party, our ideas that are fixed firmly within the Republican Platform.

Before our eyes, this party is becoming a Buchanan Party.

The old era is over; the old order is passing away. It may bristle, and it may resist, but, within this party, a new party is being born. God willing, we will be there at its birth, and one day, the stone the builders rejected, may yet become the cornerstone.

The other night, something came to me from the history books of my childhood.

In the Middle Ages, there was a time they called the Truce of God. During Lent, the warring nobles and knights suspended their battles with one another. No fighting during Lent.

Today, this disputatious party of ours needs such a truce, a truce of San Diego. Let us—at least for the next ten weeks—nobles and knights—and, yes, even the peasants with pitchforks—suspend our battles with one another—and join together in common cause to defeat Bill Clinton and Prince Albert, and dispossess them of all their holdings east of the Potomac River.

It is time for a party truce, in the name of a Republican victory.

Let me say now a word to the young of the Buchanan Brigades.

I know how you feel. We fought it fair. We almost had it won.

Sure, it hurts. But life is

like that for people who believe in ideas, causes, and one another. No triumph comes without tears.

My first cause was Barry Goldwater. Talk about a beating.

But, just one year later, I joined Richard Nixon and we began one of great come-backs in history. We won the White House. Four years later, we won a 49-state victory unlike any the nation had ever seen.

Then, Watergate struck.

I was at Mr. Nixon's side, as his Presidency was destroyed. I said to myself: Now, it is over. All we worked for, is gone.

But, two years later, Ronald Reagan rode out of the West, and we rode with him. Four years later, we had the White House; four years after that, another 49-state landslide.

And, under Ronald Reagan, America won the Cold War.

The cause of my lifetime—triumphed.

So, now, you've have your first defeat. It's painful.

But I know in my heart this cause is going to prevail. This cause is going to triumph, because it is the cause of America.

And, even if I don't reach that promised land, you will be there.

And, through my remaining days, it will be the proudest honor of my life to have led the Buchanan Brigades.☸

Pat Buchanan is a member of the advisory board of Southern Partisan.

Too Late To Save The Males?

BY WILLIAM J. WATKINS, JR.

June 26, 1996, was a bleak day in American history. The Supreme Court ruled in *U.S. v. Virginia* that Virginia cannot maintain the Virginia Military Institute (VMI) as a male-only state-supported college. Facing a similar suit, The Citadel, the Military College of South Carolina, issued a statement two days later reporting its governing body "voted unanimously to drop the gender requirement from its admissions policy for the Corps of Cadets." With privatization not really an option because of political and economic issues, VMI in a divided vote, followed suit. What is at stake here? Does the Court's ruling affect just The Citadel and VMI, or will all single-gender educational programs in the public and private spheres now be scrutinized?

ANTI-SOUTHERN BIAS

First, a bit of historical background. Since the Justice Department under the Bush Administration sued VMI in 1990 because of its male-only admissions policy, the enlightened elite has heaped abuse on VMI and The Citadel. A good portion of the animus stems from the two

colleges' long and proud Southern traditions. One writer in a Pennsylvania newspaper went so far as to call for "a new Sherman" to put the rebel schools back in line. In another instance, Army Maj. Gen. Claudia Kennedy told a Defense Advisory Committee on Women in the Services that "I would not want to have to be in a platoon with a Citadel lieutenant." Such vindictive remarks, especially from an active duty general, are both unwarranted and disturbing.

VMI was founded in 1839 and makes its home in Lexington, Virginia—a quintessential Southern town surrounded by memories of the heroes of the Lost Cause. Just across the street from VMI is Washington and Lee University, where Robert E. Lee served his remaining years as president of what was then the financially strapped Washington College. VMI graduates and cadets served valiantly in the War Between the States; the heroism of VMI cadets in the Battle of New Market is still legendary.

The Citadel, founded in 1842, is located in "The Holy City," Charleston, South Carolina—a city whose cobbles-

stone streets symbolize the world where cotton was king. Like VMI men, Citadel graduates and cadets served valiantly in the War. Four Citadel cadets have the distinction of firing the first shots of the conflict on a Union supply ship at Charleston Harbor.

Since the Late Unpleasantness, Citadel and VMI graduates have served proudly in the U.S. armed forces, earning such citations as: the Medal of Honor, Distinguished Service Medal, Distinguished Service Cross, Distinguished Flying Cross, Purple Heart, Silver Star, Legion of Merit, and Bronze Stars and Clusters, to list but a few. How an Army Maj. Gen. could justify not wanting to serve with such men is indicative of a political, not a military agenda.

THE LAW SUITS

Though the suit against VMI reached the High Court, The Citadel received the lion's share of publicity because of Miss Shannon Faulkner of Powdersville, South Carolina. Faulkner, who became a modern-day Joan of Arc in the media's eyes, applied to The

Citadel in December 1992 on a whim. In one of her high school classes, Faulkner received an issue of *Sports Illustrated* containing an article on hazing at The Citadel. When the class discussion began, it shifted to state-supported colleges barring women. Before class was over, Faulkner marched down to the guidance counselor's office and returned with an application to The Citadel. She casually filled it out and, in her words, "didn't really make a big to-do about it."

One month later she received a letter addressed to Mr. Shannon Richey Faulkner offering a spot in the Corps of Cadets. Once The Citadel discovered Faulkner was a woman, the acceptance was rescinded. In March 1993 Faulkner filed suit against The Citadel. The legal battles of the next two years would forever change Miss Faulkner and The Military College of South Carolina.

Just a few months before Faulkner applied to The Citadel, the 4th U.S. District Court of Appeals ruled that VMI must admit women or become private, unless the State of Virginia offered comparable training for women elsewhere. By the end of April 1994 U.S. District Judge Jackson Kiser approved a plan permitting VMI to remain all-male. Under the plan the Virginia Women's Institute for Leadership (VWIL) was formed at Mary Baldwin College, a private women's college in Staunton, Virginia.

But before VWIL was approved, giving VMI hope of remaining all-male, The Citadel suffered a major setback. U.S. District Judge Weston Houck (a Jimmy Carter appointee) ruled that Shannon Faulkner could attend day classes at The Citadel. On January 18, 1994, Faulkner (though not a member of the Corps of Cadets) became the first woman to attend day classes in the college's history.

By the summer of 1994, the situation worsened. Judge Houck, who seemed to have a vendetta against The Citadel, ordered the college to admit Faulkner to the Corps of Cadets. The college quickly appealed and in April 1995 the 4th Circuit ruled that Faulkner could join the Corps unless South Carolina had a court-approved program to provide leadership education for women by August. Just one month later

Converse College, a private all-women's college in Spartanburg, South Carolina, agreed to create a state-funded women's leadership program similar to that at Mary Baldwin College. In July 1995 Judge Houck set a November trial date for the program and ordered Faulkner into the Corps of Cadets because classes started before the trial commenced.

On August 12, 1995, Faulkner joined her fellow knobs (first-year cadets) in I Company. Once again, The Citadel's campus became a media circus. Faulkner partisans held up signs offering her encouragement, while Women in Support of The Citadel sold "Save the Males" bumper stickers to passers by. But, after vowing never to quit, Faulkner left The Citadel on August 18 citing the stress from her legal battle. Upon leaving, Faulkner told reporters that Citadel cadets and officials had been supportive, but she did not want to kill herself for a political principle. Not to be stymied, Faulkner's lawyers found a new plaintiff, Miss Nancy Mellette, and continued their attack.

Right after Faulkner left The Citadel, 42 women began classes at VWIL at Mary Baldwin College. The Justice Department, in arguments before the Supreme Court, compared the program to Jim Crow. On June 15, 1996, the High Court spoke.

U.S. V. VIRGINIA

Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg, a lawyer well known for her success in litigating feminist matters, wrote the majority opinion in the 7-1 decision (Justice Clarence Thomas recused himself because his son attends VMI). *The New York Times* opined that as she struck down VMI's 157-year-old tradition it "was surely a moment of deep personal satisfaction."

There were two legal questions at issue: 1) whether the exclusion of women at VMI violated the equal protection guarantee of the 14th Amendment, and after the former question was answered in the affirmative, 2) whether the Virginia Women's Institute for Leadership at Mary Baldwin College was a sufficient remedy for the violation.

Regarding the first question, Ginsburg said that Virginia must prove

the exclusion of women from VMI served an important governmental objective, and that the discriminatory means employed were substantially related to the achievement of the objective. In making its case, Virginia was prohibited from using "generalizations about the different talents, capacities, or preferences of males and females. . . ." Never mind that generalizations are often a necessary component in the making of laws. Not permitted the use of generalizations, society could not prohibit 13-year-olds from voting, driving, or drinking alcohol. To such reasoning Ginsburg was oblivious.

Virginia argued for the benefits of single-gender education and its contribution to "diversity in educational approaches." Moreover, the state argued that the adversative method employed at VMI, which is a vigorous system focused on the development of the "whole man," would have to be altered in such a way as to forever change the college.

Ginsburg dismissed Virginia's diversity argument because the founders of VMI did not establish the college with their hearts and minds set on "diversity"—the mantra of the 1990s. They merely did what they thought was right and proper in a federal system in which states were more than administrative subdivisions of Washington, D.C.

Next Ginsburg swept aside concerns about developing the "whole man" by stating: "Neither the goal of producing citizen-soldiers nor V.M.I.'s implementing methodology is inherently unsuitable to women." Ginsburg cited as evidence women's entry into federal military academies and their service in the nation's armed forces. Consequently, "Virginia's fears for the future of V.M.I. *may not* be solidly grounded." (*Italics added*)

Though from her language, Ginsburg was not sure Virginia's fears were misplaced, she went ahead and dismissed the concerns of the state as if she were an expert on martial matters. Federal military academies, however, do not use the "whole man" concept, a matter neglected by General Ginsburg. Nor did Ginsburg mention that despite the successful integration of women into the academies and the outstanding military record of many female soldiers, stan-

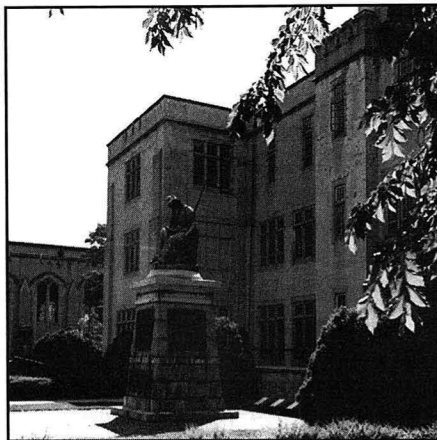
dards have been lowered. According to a witness from the U.S. Military Academy at West Point in testimony given at the trial on the District Court level, sundry practices were scaled back or done away with so women would not be “psychologically discouraged.”

Sure Virginia was violating the equal protection clause of the 14th Amendment, Ginsburg moved on to ascertain whether the leadership program established at Mary Baldwin College was an appropriate remedy. Ginsburg proceeded to call VWIL a “pale shadow” of VMI and not a proper remedy. Ginsburg’s standards made it all but impossible for a separate program like VWIL to pass constitutional muster. Among VWIL’s deficiencies were lack of prestige and alumni support. Obviously new institutions, by the fact they are “new,” don’t have alumni or prestige. Had Virginia spent one billion dollars on VWIL, had VWIL grander buildings, a faculty of Nobel Prize winners, and thousands of women competing for admission, the Court would have still struck down single-gender education at VMI.

The one sane voice in *U.S. v. Virginia* came from Justice Antonin Scalia’s dissenting opinion. He blasted the majority for rejecting, contrary to established practice, the factual findings of the lower court, and for ignoring precedents. Scalia was at his best as he defended the federal system as devised by the Founders:

“The virtue of a democratic system with a First Amendment is that it readily enables the people, over time, to be persuaded that what they took for granted is not so, and to change their laws accordingly. That system is destroyed if the smug assurances of each age are removed from the democratic process and written into the Constitution.”

Justice Scalia alone spoke for tradition. In his judicial framework a practice dating back to the beginning of the Republic and not expressly forbidden in the Bill of Rights would not be struck down. He described the majority’s opinion as “not the interpretation of the Constitution, but the creation of one”—a creation of a Constitution that “ensures... single-sex public education is functionally dead.”



RESURGENCE OF SINGLE-GENDER EDUCATION

Until *U.S. v. Virginia*, single-gender education was making a comeback. A week before the High Court’s decision, *Newsweek* reported that co-ed schools in more than a dozen states were creating single-gender classes. Since impressing the opposite sex, or simply trying not to look silly, is the impetus behind most teenagers’ actions, educators have found that single-gender classes permit students to concentrate more on academics.

Though these experiments are in the early stages, research shows they are succeeding. Unfortunately it is highly unlikely they will continue to exist. As Justice Scalia noted: “No state official in his right mind will buy such a high-cost, high-risk lawsuit by commencing a single-sex program.”

Under *U.S. v. Virginia* some single-sex schools and programs might be permitted to exist, but which ones aren’t clear. “It is the mission of some single-sex schools,” wrote Justice Ginsburg, “to dissipate rather than perpetuate, traditional gender classifications. We do not question the State’s prerogative evenhandedly to support diverse educational opportunities.” According to some legal scholars, Justice Ginsburg’s statement suggests that a state could maintain a single-gender home economics school for males, but not for females. Or perhaps an all-female military school to dissipate the idea that men are more likely to be soldiers.

But only state-supported single-gender schools like The Citadel and VMI must worry about the Court’s ruling, Right? Private single-gender schools are exempt. In reality this is not the case.

Most “private” colleges receive a plethora of state and federal aid. In South Carolina, for instance, \$2,345,798 in the form of state tuition grants was spent on *private all-female single-gender educational opportunities* in academic year 1993-94. Should South Carolina’s—or any other state’s—all-female private colleges face a male version of Shannon Faulkner, they would unfortunately be in very hot water.

CONCLUSION

The fight against VMI and The Citadel was brutal. In the attempts to destroy these two Southern institutions of higher learning, the Justice Department (under Bush and Clinton), the ACLU, and the usual suspects cared not whether single-gender education itself was destroyed. They acted with reckless abandon and pursued their prey at all costs.

The media was at its worst in the misinformation campaign against the two colleges. Truth did not matter. As the press carried the mantle for Shannon Faulkner to become the first female member of the Corps of Cadets at The Citadel, seldom did they mention that The Citadel boasts 3000 female graduates from its summer school and College of Graduate and Professional Studies. The facts regarding both schools will probably never be known to the public.

The decision in *U.S. v. Virginia* is repugnant on many levels, not the least of which is forcing VMI and The Citadel to bend to the fads of modernity. Now that VMI has indeed followed The Citadel and admitted women, the country has but three all-male colleges left. Compare this to the nation’s 84 women’s colleges and one truly realizes just what a setback *U.S. v. Virginia* is.

The High Court’s opinion also provides an education in itself. It teaches us why we have a Tenth Amendment and why it is high time we begin enforcing it on a national government run amok. ☸

William J. Watkins has recently moved from New York to Columbia, South Carolina (home of Southern Partisan) to attend law school at USC.

The "Other" Great Debate

BY CHARLES ADAMS

A fascinating and rational debate between two of the most admired and respected men of letters and scholarship in English speaking world. It was in London over what was really behind the "American Crises," as they called it: John Stuart Mill vs. Charles Dickens.

The Lincoln-Douglas debates in 1858 for the United States Senate are well known. They were written up and were popular news throughout the country. Both men traveled from town to town by horse and buggy, steamboat, or primitive railroad. One would often follow the other, even listening in the audience and then following with a rebuttal the next day. In the middle of the summer, Lincoln suggested they get together on



DICKENS

the same platform and have a more formal debate. Douglas agreed. These famous debates fascinated the nation at that time. While Douglas won the Senate seat, Lincoln became known and this made his acceptance as a presidential candidate two years later, a distinct possibility.

But there was another debate during the the War for Southern Independence that was far more significant and enlightening than the political jostling of Lincoln and Douglas for votes. This was a fascinating and rational debate between two of the most admired and respected men of letters and scholarship in the English speaking world. It was in London over what was really behind the "American Crises," as they called it: John Stuart Mill vs. Charles Dickens.

Charles Dickens and John Stuart Mill were both in their 50s and at the height of their literary careers and fame.

Both took great interest in what was going on in America. Since they were living in Britain, they did not have to worry about going to jail for expressing themselves. In Lincoln's America, at this time, freedom to criticize the government was a dangerous undertaking.

No historians that I know of have discovered this "debate" between Mill and Dickens, which took the form of writings in rival publications, but there seems little doubt that when John Stuart Mill wrote his now popular and famous article that slavery was "the one cause of the Civil War," he had Charles Dickens in mind. The article by Mill in *Frazee's Magazine* was his rebuke of Dickens's scholarly analysis of the conflict in America written two months before. Northern publications and apologists jumped on the article. It was reprinted in *Harpers Magazine* and since Mill said the war was over slavery, that has been Northern gospel ever since.



MILL

I first discovered the Mill article in *Harper's* magazine over two decades ago. The theme has had a lasting effect on most Civil War analysts, yet when studying the text carefully, it seemed to be more nonsense than reasonable analysis, and for years that puzzled me. How could such a brilliant scholar as Mill, come up, frankly, with such spe-

cious scholarship and thinking? It was far below his intellect, but for a score of years, I had no answer. Then, a few years ago, I discovered Charles Dickens's analysis of the American conflict, noting that his articles were published two months before that of Mill. Could there be a connection? There was.

Dickens and Mill had been carrying on a verbal war of words for over a decade. First, when Mill wrote his famous *Political Economy* (1848), Dickens responded with two novels. First *Bleak House* (1852), and then *Hard Times*. The latter novel, according to historians, "manhandled" Mill's treatise. An enraged Mill wrote after reading *Bleak House*, that "that creature Dickens," was filled with "vulgar impudence," and was written in the "vulgarist way." To Mill, Dickens' writings were "extremely repugnant." Besides this clash, and the clash over the American war, they also battled



Dickens believed emancipation in America should come as it did in 1834 in Britain's West Indies, from within Southern society. This is a scene on a British plantation showing the slaves receiving the news of their emancipation, in August, 1834.

over a rebellion in Jamaica in which the British governor took harsh reprisals against the leaders of this uprising. Mill organized a committee to bring criminal charges against the governor. But he failed, primarily because Dickens took up the cause of the governor and defeated Mill's efforts.

Thus we find a long running feud between Dickens and Mill which found expression in their views of the American conflict between the North and South. The key came in the raving and ranting of Mill, irrationally, as if he had some vendetta against the South, or Southern thinking. It was this irrational aspect of his article that betrayed him. Who was the enemy? The South? Had they offended him in some way? Mill was an aristocrat and should have had little trouble identifying with the Southern culture, but it was bad feelings against Dickens, who had written two months earlier, that was the basis for his haywire arguments about the causes of the war. Once Dickens's two articles surfaced, in rival publications in London, it became increasingly clear, Mill's article was against Dickens, his old enemy of the pen.

THE OPENING ARGUMENT: SLAVERY? HUMBUG!

In addition to Charles Dickens' extraordinary talents as a novelist, he was also active in contemporary affairs and

acted as editor of a weekly periodical, *All the Year Round*. It was started in 1859 and continued weekly, for almost two decades after his death. He was its primary contributor and as much as his novels were important work, he undoubtedly spent more time on his weekly than his books. He wrote two articles on the American disunion. The first, 21 December 1861, was to show what the "cause of the disruption is not. We shall show next week what the cause of the disruption is."

Dickens traces the history of the United States. It was initially a constitution framed by slaveholding states. There were 13 states, 12 of which permitted slavery in 1781. But by 1860, slavery had proven useless in the northern states, setting the North apart from the South. Even in the beginning, Dickens quotes both Jefferson and Washington, who both predicted that the Union would not last. Even in the early 1800s, it was now too big and too wieldy. Travelers to America, like De Tocqueville and a Russian visitor, Ivan Golovin, had both predicted that the Union could not last with its changing character. Dickens summed up the current strain between the North and South in these words:

The struggle between North and South has been of long duration. The South having the lead in the federation had fought some hard political battles to retain it... But in the last presidential election,

which was a trial of strength between South and North, the South considering itself subject to the North within the federation, carried out its frequent threat and desire of secession.

Dickens quotes Jefferson after the Louisiana Purchase, when there was talk of a division of the Union into an Atlantic federation and a Mississippi federation: "Let them part by all means if it is for their happiness to do so. It is but the elder and the younger son differing. God bless them both, and keep them in Union if it be for their good, but separate them if better." No statesman today in the North, said Dickens, would dare repeat what Jefferson had said.

Another factor which supports secession, said Dickens, are the defects in the American political system, especially in the selection of President. The most talented men in America are very rarely placed at the head of state; with the President ending up being a "man who is too insignificant to have made enemies." This is followed by corruption in Washington, through lobbyists who produce a "reckless extravagance" and "plunder of the public treasury" for political adventurers. Against the will of the people, and even both houses of Congress, a President and his ministers can work enormous frauds and corruption by their greed. The election of a Republican administration, for the first time, being a sectional party with absolutely no affinity for the Southern States, almost made secession an inevitability. Lincoln was a Northern leader from an exclusively Northern political party, something that had never happened before. Prior to 1860, all presidents had been affiliated with the South *and* the North—the Democrats and the Whigs—but now, the President had no connection to the South or to their needs and interests. He was, in short, an alien to them, a foreign ruler.

Focusing on the slavery question, Dickens contends that the "Constitution was framed by slave owners, and gave the whole might of the Union for suppression of slave insurrections" and enforcing the rights of slave owners." There was no lawful place a fugitive slave could go. By secession, slaveowners exposed themselves to losses of their

slave property and would lose the protection of the federal constitution. He cites Lincoln's inaugural address, which expressed a willingness to make the Fugitive Slave Law, "irrevocable." Lincoln also said in his inaugural that he supported a Constitutional Amendment that would provide that no amendment could be made which will authorize Congress to abolish or interfere with any state's domestic institutions. Such a proposed amendment was passed after Lincoln came to office, and it was approved by three states in the Union before the Civil War started.

Dickens' conclusion was that slavery was not the reason for the Civil War, and any Northern suggestions that slavery was the reason for going to war, was a piece of specious humbug designed to conceal the North's desire for economic control over the Southern states.

On slavery, Dickens condemned it as an evil for the slave, an evil for the slaveowner, and an evil for the white working class in the South. He predicted, as other British writers had predicted, that a secession from the Union by the South, "would, in fact, bring us very many years nearer to the end of slavery than a continuation of the old system under the great Union pledge to support as a whole the evil that afflicts a half."

Dickens closes, "If it be not slavery, where lies the partition of the interests that has led at last to actual separation of the Southern from the Northern States? In the original constitution of the Union it was provided that "all duties, imposts, and excises, shall be uniform throughout the United States."

In the beginning there were few manufacturers in the new nation. Import duties fell evenly among the states. But manufacturing got started after the War of 1812, and a modest protective tariff seemed to be in everyone's interest for the infant industries. But, by 1828, the protective tariff had become a prohibitive tariff, and it provided fat profits to the manufacturing interest in the North, that really didn't need to be protected anymore. The tariffs turned into "a system that compelled it [the South] to pay a heavy fine into the pockets of Northern manufacturers." Southern ships that carried cotton and tobacco to Europe, were



An original illustration, "Houseless and Hungry" from one of Dickens' works. According to Adams, Dickens "had a superior insight into society and what made it tick... he saw money as the root of the War Between the States."

paid by an "exchange of commodities," i.e., European manufactured goods, which now had a high tariff charge, thus draining money from the pockets of the people in the South into the federal treasury, which the people of the North were not paying—it was a tax lacking uniformity or equality in the nation, an unconstitutional tax for certain.

The last grievance of the South was the Morrill tariff, which was a primary plank in the Republican platform in 1860. Immediately after the Congress met in March of 1861, this highest of all tariffs was passed, with duties above 50% on iron products. This was an outrage to the South. The British and all European traders condemned it.

Britain's trade minister said he was astonished that such a law could be passed at the present time, in the modern world. It wasn't a protective tariff, it was a *prohibition* tariff said Britain's leading periodicals.

The South had hated the tariff for almost 40 years. No matter how low (like 20%), it was not low enough for them. It made their cotton and tobacco prices decline. Since they could not receive British or French goods in exchange with a high tariff, they would have to demand hard cash, which in turn would require a lower price for their commodities. Dickens explained the South's predicament.

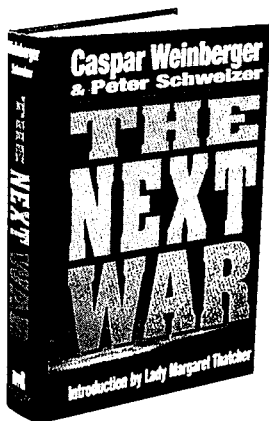
Every year, for some years back, this or that Southern state has declared that it "would submit to this extortion only while it

had not the strength for resistance." When the election of Lincoln came, and the growth of an exclusive Northern party would take over the federal government, the time for withdrawal had arrived. When secession was in the making Secretary Seward suggested as a way to hold the Union together, that America go to war and seize Mexico once again, and also to take Cuba from Spain. Both of these conquests would go to the South. Then, the American armies would invade Canada, and annex the Canadian dominions for the North. The problem with this outrageous scheme is that it leaked out to the world. The Canadians and British were not impressed.

Secession, reasoned Dickens, was not like an English county departing from the Crown, but was of a sovereign state with its own laws, legislature, courts, and military organization. "The conflict is between semi-independent communities," in which "every feeling and interest on the one side [the South] calls for political partition, and every pocket interest [the North] calls on the other side for union."

"So the case stands, and under all the passion of the parties and the cries of battle lie the two chief moving causes of the struggle. Union means so many millions a year lost to the South; secession means the loss of the same millions to the North. The love of money is the root of this as of many many other evils."

(Continued On Page 32)



The Next War

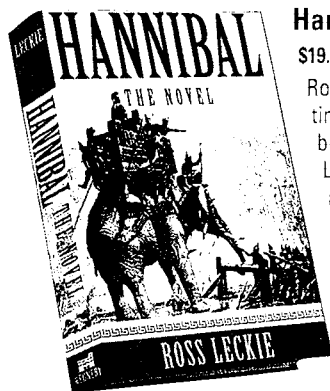
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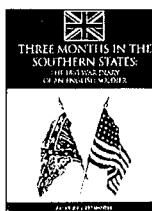
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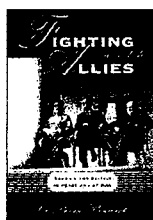
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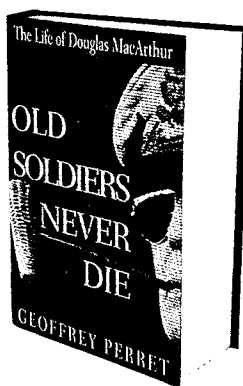
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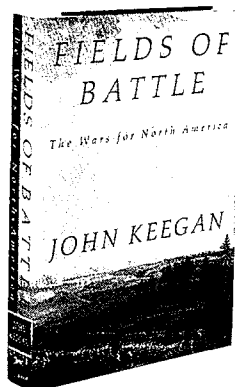
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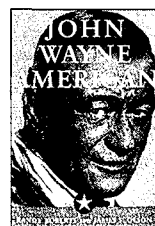
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Dickens was outraged at Mill for ignoring the abject poverty and suffering of children and the homeless in London, right under his nose, while taking up the cause of the unfortunate in far away places he had never seen.

(Continued From Page 29)

He ends with these words: “**the quarrel between North and South is, as it stands, solely a fiscal quarrel.**”

JOHN STUART MILL— IN REBUTTAL

Within two months of Dickens’s articles on the cause of the American Civil War, John Stuart Mill published an article in the popular *Fraser’s Magazine*, in London. Mill popularized the view that slavery was the “one cause” of the conflict, and his February, 1862, article attacked Dicken’s logic with a vengeance. The theory, that slavery was the cause, has dominated Civil War thinking ever since. The article was soon reprinted in *Harper’s* magazine in America. It was a shot in the arm to the North so to speak, as Northern apologists had been stumbling around for some honorable explanation for their assault on the South. Until Mill’s article, sympathies worldwide

were with the South; now that changed, for if the real motive of the Northern invasion of the South was to destroy that abominable institution of slavery, then world opinion would shift to the North.

John Stuart Mill’s vitriolic attack on everything Dickens had written is a major clue to his motive. He was going after “that creature Dickens” whose fame far exceeded his own, and who had over the past decade, attacked Mill’s ideas, even his endeavors, and too often made him eat humble pie. Now the tables were turned. The only explanation for Mill’s bizarre reasoning

and manufacturing of facts—avoiding the reality of what was going on in America, making boldface assertions that were just not true, which with even a minimum of investigation would be known to be not true—the only explanation for such a great mind descending into the depths of intellectual folly, is that J. S. Mill was overpowered by a personal vendetta against Dickens. He was blinded by rage.

It is that abomination—slavery—charged Mill, which is the “Contest in America,” what Dickens called, “American Disunion.” If the war was prolonged, and Mill hoped it would be, then emancipation would come to the forefront as the major objective of the war. In that regard, Mill was quite prophetic. After the Northern opposition to the Emancipation Proclamation died down, Lincoln shifted from denying emancipation was an object of the war, to using it as a major objective, supplanting his previous “preserving the Union” motive, which had not impressed foreign analysis. Emancipation made the carnage and destruction

somewhat excusable, not only in world opinion, but even in Lincoln’s mind if you compare his second inaugural address with his first one.

1. Mill starts off by charging that secession was for one purpose only, to extend slavery as well as protect it. This extension was to run from the “Potomac to Cape Horn.” Wow! That is all the way to the bottom of the continent of South America, which means, of course, that the African slave trade will be reopened by the Confederacy, said Mill.

The renewed trading in slavery said Mill, would lead to an Anglo-Confederate war. Great Britain would have to do what the North failed to do—destroy slavery in America. British warships would have to patrol the African coast to block slave trading ships under Confederate control. This confrontation would lead to a war between the Confederacy and Great Britain.

The problem with Mill’s opening argument is that he had not done his homework. But when you are motivated by rage, who needs facts? The Confederate Constitution had been around for almost a year, and it clearly prohibited any slave trade by any of the Southern states, “and Congress [Confederate] is required to pass such laws as shall effectively prevent the same.” Art. I, Section 9. Specious scholarship seems to be one of Mill’s strong suits, not only in his rebuttal to Dickens, but even in his many treatises on political economy which today are given no credence by economists. Even in those writings he is criticized for not doing his homework and building fanciful castles in the sky.

2. Mill’s next point is amazing. He notes that throughout Britain, it is a common belief that “The North, it seems, have no more objection to Slavery than the South have. They are ready to give it new guarantees; to renounce all that they have been contending for; to win back, if opportunity offers, the South to the Union by surrendering the whole point.” Now, that is a fairly accurate statement of fact. But Mill sweeps it aside by pointing out that the Southern States are “fighting for slavery alone.” The South, “separated on slavery, and proclaimed slavery as the one cause of the separation.”

There were, it is true, many Southern politicians who said slavery was the reason for secession. But that seems strange when Lincoln went to such great length to assure the South that slavery was in no danger. The fear in the South was irrational, and it must have bewildered Northerners who went out of their way to protect the Southern institution of slavery. Mill's statement that the South was "fighting for slavery," gets the facts of who started the war and why, all mixed up. Robert E. Lee, hated slavery, and said so. He was offered command of all the Union armies, but turned it down because they were to be used to invade his homeland. But he accepted command of a much smaller force, the Army of Northern Virginia, to defend his native land from invasion. That is what the Southern armies were fighting for. When Prince Napoleon and his entourage visited the Confederate Generals Beauregard and Johnston in 1861, the generals said that their cause was to defend against the invasion of Northern armies. That, Mr. Mill, was what the South was fighting against. Mill forgot who was the aggressor—who invaded whom.

3. The Tariff, said Mill, was not a motive because at the time of secession by South Carolina right after the election of Lincoln in November, 1860, the tariff was not too severe. The ultra-high Morrill Tariff came in early March, 1861, when the new Congress came to power. The replacement of the moderate tariff then in operation was a major plank of the Republican Party in Chicago in August of 1860. When the issue of a high tariff came up before the convention there was so much yelling and hollering it was "as if a herd of buffalo had stampeded through the convention hall." A month before the election, on October 11, 1860, the outspoken *Charleston Mercury*, comments on the election of a Republican administration, and that it will "plunder the South for the benefit of the North, by a new Protective Tariff." South Carolina seceded because they knew what was in store for them tax wise, what they called "sectional schemes of appropriation" said the *Charleston Mercury*.

The South had been fighting for

low, free-trade type tariffs since 1820. A recession in 1858 was blamed by Northern manufacturers on the low tariff, and there was strong support for a high tariff throughout much of the North. The new tariff went through the Congress so fast that it was signed into law by President Buchanan before Lincoln even took the oath of office. With the Southerners having left Congress, it was passed without any opposition from the floor. The rates averaged about 47%, with many items, like iron products, over 50%. It was a formidable barrier to any Southern return, and it made enforcement of the tariff an absolute necessity for the Lincoln administration. It made a naval blockade necessary, which Lincoln ordered within a week after bombardment of Fort Sumter. In early March, the almost free-trade zone in the South became apparent, and immediately thereafter, Northern newspapers that had favored peace and conciliation, started demanding war to protect the commerce in the North.

In the South, even before the election in November, 1860, Southern newspapers were well aware of what a Republican victory would mean so far as the tariff was concerned—and of the need for secession.

Two days before the election in November, 1860, an editorial in *The Charleston Mercury*, summed up the reason for secession:

The real causes of dissatisfaction in the South with the North, are in the unjust taxation and expenditure of the taxes by the Government of the United States and in the revolution the North has effected in this government, from a confederated republic, to a national sectional despotism.

Five days before Louisiana withdrew from the Union, on January 21, *The New Orleans Daily Crescent* published this remarkable editorial, explaining the causes of secession:

They [the South] know that it is their import trade that draws from the people's pockets sixty or seventy millions of dollars per annum, in the shape of duties, to be expended mainly in the North, and in the protection and encourage-

ment of Northern interests...

These are the reasons why these people do not wish the South to secede from the Union. They [the North] are enraged at the prospect of being despoiled of the rich feast upon which they have so long fed and fattened, and which they were just getting ready to enjoy with still greater gout and gusto. They are as mad as hornets because the prize slips them just as they are ready to grasp it.

If Mill had taken the time to read most any Southern newspaper, going back over a year before his article in *Fraser's Magazine*, he would never have written that the only thing the South was concerned about was protecting slavery—he would have seen written time and again, that a Republican victory would mean the end of the South as an equal in the Union, that now Northern politics would control the federal government, putting the South in great jeopardy economically, beginning with a high tariff and the expansion of the power of the national government over the states. Once again, Mill had not done his homework.

4. The Right of Secession, said Mill may be laudable, but with the South, it would be an enormous crime. The South has no real grievance—no right to revolt against the North. And since they are rebelling to protect and expand the institution of slavery, they have no more right to secede than would a band of robbers and criminals have such a right. He then compares the Confederate States to a couple of bands of famous highwaymen and robbers who had plundered the English countryside and were later captured and hanged. "The only real difference is that the present rebels are more powerful than Cartouche or Turpin [the notorious robbers and murders], and may possibly be able to effect their iniquitous purpose." He then likens the Confederates unto a band of inmates at Parkhurst Prison on the Isle of Wight, who had seized the prison and taken over the island. Should the British government recognize a chain gang that had declared itself independent? Of course not, and that is the essence of

what is happening in America.

This argument is silly, and more than any other aspects of Mill's thesis, shows his rage and appeal to the absurd. Mill could have been a bit more rational. He could have acknowledged that at the turn of the century, slavery was just about everywhere in all colonial empires, but by 1860, it was just about nowhere. A great wave of approbation against slavery had taken over Western Civilization, and no doubt would soon end North American slavery just as it had ended slavery most everywhere else in the world. If the Confederates were such evil criminals with slavery, so had the rest of the world been for over 5000 years of recorded history. Even the Popes in the Middle Ages had slaves and passed them out among the Cardinals as gifts. The Bible never condemned slavery; only in the 19th century did the world decide the institution was inappropriate for modern civilization.

Mill ends with full justification for the war and the Northern invasion of the South. It was war for a good cause, a war of principle. By destroying slavery, the North would elevate its war on the "scale of morality and dignity and the sense of an inestimable benefit to all future ages, brought about by their own voluntary efforts."

So the debate ends. Dickens does not directly respond.

DICKENS AND MILL

It helps to understand this fascinating verbal contest in London by these two remarkable men of letters; it helps to learn of the contestants and their lives. Dickens was forced to live in the slums and squalor of London. He was but 12 years old, and had to abandon any formal education. Growing up in these terrible conditions colored his view of life and found expression in his novels that are as alive today as they were when written. He saw the horror of poverty, the love of money, and its evil as a force in society, government, and all levels of life. He saw the Civil War, through such glasses. He condemned John Stuart Mill, and those of his like, for not taking notice of the so-

cial evils at home and dwelling on apparent injustices across the oceans that were too often misunderstood. He said the missionaries who went abroad to convert the natives, usually did the natives more harm than good, and should have directed their energies at home among the poor of London and the intolerable conditions under which they lived.

Charles Dickens traveled to America and visited many of the states before the Civil War. He was not overly impressed. He thought slavery was an abomination and had to go. Politically, the U.S. Presidency was a flawed concept. It produced corruption and mediocrity which was impossible to root out during the four year tenure of each president. The system fostered misuse except when the president was an extraordinarily great man, and the system didn't produce great men. Watergate and the innumerable scandals of corruption of the Clinton White House would confirm the insight of Dickens, and we haven't as yet found a way to correct the problem.

John Stuart Mill may have grown up in the same country and even city for that matter, but other than being in the same geography, no two men could have been more different in their upbringing. All of Mill's writings except for his *Autobiography* and his essay *On Liberty*, have no recognition today. His father decided to raise his son in a cloistered environment, removed from the real world. He learned Greek, Latin, and a host of languages at an age not much beyond today's grammar school. He was to be a kind of super-intellectual to rise above all the learned of his day. In the end, a brilliant mind was produced and he had a commanding position and respect in his day as a thinker. Today, most of his ideas and philosophy are no longer considered valid. His analysis of the Civil War and slavery as its "one cause" has been as enduring as any of his ideas, and still finds favor among Northern apologists who want a simple answer to a great national tragedy that lingers with us to this day. It would be easy if his assertion that the 7 million Southerners who tried to withdraw from the Union were

the evil and vile criminals he makes them to be. But he was not alone. Lincoln and his cohorts who controlled the Union, also branded them as traitors and conspirators, and as far as criminal law is concerned, that puts them on about the same level as Mill saw them.

Perhaps if Dickens had not made a constant fool out of Mill and had not ridiculed his writings and thinking as he did, Mill may not have had the vendetta he did against Dickens, and may have given the American crises a more honest appraisal. He may have even done his homework on the issue. As it was, Mill with his cloistered life, his wealth, his life among the rich and prominent, his distance from the common man—if he had not been so removed from the real world—he may have seen the American crises as Dickens did. As it turned out, Dickens had a superior insight into society and what made it tick. He saw money as the root of the War Between the States, "and many many other evils." Unfortunately, for the cause of honest and true history, it was Mill's specious scholarship that got reproduced in the Northern press, hungry for just about any excuse for the invasion of the South. Mill's "slavery, the one cause of the civil war," became a falsehood that even to this day lives on, even among the Ivy League historians, who, like Mill, live in an economic cloistered world, which minimizes the role money plays in the affairs of men.

Finally, slavery horrified Dickens, and he observed it in his travels to Richmond. Yet he saw the Northern onslaught upon slavery as no more than a piece of specious humbug designed to conceal the North's desire for economic control over the Southern states. He also believed in emancipation, but that it should come from the South, and it would be accomplished sooner and better if the South seceded from the Union.

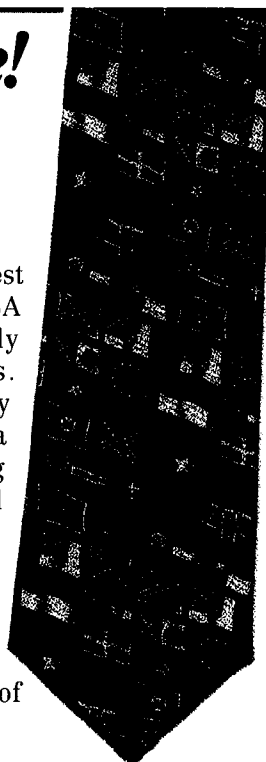


Charles Adams is a regular contributor to Southern Partisan. This article is a chapter taken from his new study showing taxation to be a cause of the War Between the States, as Dickens believed.

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1. The death in 1862 of what ex-president was not officially mourned in Washington?
2. What British prime minister seemed for a time almost ready to give diplomatic recognition to the C.S.A.?
3. After the election of 1864, the membership of what political group jumped by 70 percent?
4. What Confederate governor was most stubborn in resisting legislation passed in Richmond?
5. Whose death in October 1862 caused Robert E. Lee to weep?
6. What British statesman in the fall of 1862 publicly stated secession would be successful?
7. What Federal general told his wife that Cincinnati furnished more goods to the C.S.A. than did Charleston?
8. Why was the death of Brig. Gen. Benjamin Hardin Helm, C.S.A., mourned in the White House?
9. Based in Virginia, Capt. E. Porter Alexander was in charge of what special reconnaissance missions for the Confederacy in 1861-62?
10. How did Jefferson Davis spend the morning before his inauguration?

ANSWERS

1. John Tyler, a Virginian who had voted for secession.
2. John Francis Stanley, Earl Russell.
3. Democratic members of the U.S. Congress, from forty-four members to seventy-five.
4. Joseph Emerson Brown of Georgia.
5. Ann Carter, age twenty-three, his second daughter.
6. William E. Gladstone, soon to be prime minister.
7. William Tecumseh Sherman.
8. He was Mary Todd Lincoln's brother-in-law.
9. Aerial observation with a gas-filled silk balloon.
10. On his knees in prayer.

Webb Garrison is a veteran writer who lives in Lake Junaluska, North Carolina. Formerly associate dean of Emory University and president of McKendree College, he has written forty books, including *A Treasury of White House Tales*, *A Treasury of Civil War Tales*, and *A Treasury of Christmas Stories*. *Civil War Trivia and Fact Book*, copyright 1992 by Webb Garrison and reprinted by permission of Rutledge Hill Press, Nashville, Tennessee.



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"I am for preserving to the States the powers not yielded by them to the Union..." —Thomas Jefferson

"The error is in the assumption that the General Government is a party to the constitutional compact. The States... formed the compact, acting as sovereign and independent communities." —John Caldwell Calhoun

"The primary, paramount allegiance of the citizen is due to the sovereign only. That sovereign, under our system, is the people—the people of the State to which he belongs." —Jefferson Davis

ON THE SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN

"The gentleman expresses an end in himself, and the display of skills, powers, and cleverness alone does not gain one admission to his circle."

—Richard M. Weaver

"The gentleman was surrounded with prerogatives. He could not be injured with impunity; his motives could not be impugned; and above all, his word could not be questioned."

—Richard M. Weaver

RELIGION

"While the Puritan was attempting to make his religion conform to the canons of logic, conscience, or ethical propriety, the Southerner clung stubbornly to the belief that a certain portion of life must remain inscrutable, and that religion offers the only means of meeting it, since reason cannot here be a standard of interpretation."

—Richard M. Weaver

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"Let us cross the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

—Lt. General Thomas J. Jackson

General James Longstreet:

PARTISAN OR PARIIAH?

BY MARY ALICE COOK

As the visitor leaves the electric map display at Gettysburg National Military Park, turns right past the cases of artifacts and peers into the shadows of an obscure corner, he comes face to face with a magnificent, full length portrait of a general of the C.S.A. If the visitor takes the time to scrutinize it, he finds the likeness of a tall, full-bearded and handsome man, in the prime of his life. The smile on his face is confident; he appears to be a man in charge, a man to count on, a man any Southerner would not hesitate to call "hero." But the picture is dimly lighted and dozens of people cross back and forth in front of it without a pause or a glance. Park officials say that the portrait must remain in low light to avoid deterioration. Nevertheless, the shadowy location of his likeness is a fitting metaphor for the legacy of Lieutenant General James Longstreet, "the Confederacy's most controversial soldier."

At Gettysburg College, in the autumn of 1995 a group of self-professed Longstreet fans gathered to cheer the rehabilitation of their hero, to jeer the "third-rates" who slandered him and to pledge their best efforts to erect a monument to him on the field of his most analyzed and debated contest. Ironically, due to the thorough work of the anti-Longstreet forces, many knew little



A cast model of the Longstreet Monument

about the general prior to his sympathetic portrayal by Tom Berenger in the movie *Gettysburg* (based on Michael Shaara's Pulitzer Prize winning novel, *The Killer Angels*). But history, contrary to the belief of bored high school students, is not a static discipline. It is fluid and open to reinterpretation and General James Longstreet seems to be riding the crest of a huge wave of popular appreciation, denied to him for some 130 years.

To a new generation of historians, it appears that Longstreet's reputation has suffered more as a result of his actions

subsequent to the war rather than for any he took during its course. Born in South Carolina and reared in Georgia, he was a West Point man who rose to the rank of major in the old army and saw service in the Mexican War where he was wounded while storming Chapultepec. Strongly influenced in the states' rights tradition by his uncle, Augustus Baldwin Longstreet, he was moved by loyalty to his homeland (some say he was moved by ambition) to resign from the U.S. army and seek a commission in the army of the C.S.A. Whatever the motive, he proved to be an able and tenacious warrior for the cause of the Confederacy. He fought from Manassas to Appomattox and rose through the ranks of the Confederate army to become commander of the legendary First Corps of the Army of Northern Virginia. His military vision and insight was years ahead of his time; he, more than any other in the Southern high command, understood the need for different tactics to cope with the weapons of modern warfare. After the death of Stonewall Jackson, he was Robert E. Lee's most trusted subordinate and, along with Lee and Jackson, formed the great military triumvirate of the Confederacy.

Longstreet was affectionately called "Old Pete" by many of his comrades, but his most well known sobriquet derives from Lee's greeting after the battle of Sharpsburg: "Here is Longstreet; here's

my old war horse!" He was also called the "Old Bulldog" and, after his smashing breakthrough at Chickamauga, the "Old Bull of the Woods." D. Augustus Dickert, historian of Kershaw's brigade, called Longstreet "One of the most illustrious chieftains of the century." In a tribute written on the occasion of the general's death, the *Birmingham Ledger* opined that "In the military annals of the *Anglo-Saxon race* (emphasis mine) there is nothing finer than his fighting record." Significantly, President Andrew Johnson himself fixed his importance to the Southern cause by denying the general a post-war pardon. There were three people, Johnson said, who could never be pardoned: Jefferson Davis, General Lee and General Longstreet. "You," he said to Longstreet, "have given the union cause too much trouble."

Longstreet was a physically imposing man. Six feet, two inches tall and over two hundred "well-proportioned" pounds, he was regarded by many as the most handsome general in the army, Lee being the sole exception. Notwithstanding Tom Berenger's frequently ridiculed fake facial hair in *Gettysburg*, the real Longstreet's ample brown beard was often commented upon; his aide, the loyal Moxley Sorrel, confided that he believed the full beard hid a "rather coarse" mouth. Longstreet's fine military appearance and his personal courage and coolness under fire often buoyed his troops. James Kemper observed as Longstreet rode in front of Pickett's men just before the famous charge: "His bearing was to me the grandest moral spectacle of the war." Among the many accolades Longstreet received after Chickamauga was an observation by newspaperman Francis Lawley who spoke of the general's "well-known and inspiring presence" on the battlefield. In addition to his injury in Mexico, Longstreet was shot by his

To generations of historians he has been best remembered as the officer whose "sulkiness" and "slowness" at Gettysburg brought about defeat there and, ultimately, the surrender of the South.

own men during the battle of the Wilderness, an incident eerily reminiscent of Stonewall's fate. The Wilderness shooting resulted in serious wounds of his throat and right arm, costing him almost all use of that arm for the rest of his life. After a period of recovery, he returned to the army and when, on April 6, 1865, U.S. Grant suggested that Lee should surrender the "hopeless" struggle, Longstreet, with his usual grit, replied, "Not yet." In the words of one of his modern biographers, James Longstreet was, by the time of Gettysburg "idolized by most of the South."

ALL PETE'S FAULT?

And yet until recently, this "idolized" general, one who seemed to possess all the requirements for inclusion in the Southern pantheon of heroes, was, except for WBTS fanciers, unknown to many Southerners. To gen-

erations of historians he has been best remembered as the officer whose "sulkiness" and "slowness" at Gettysburg brought about defeat there and, ultimately, the surrender of the South. He is remembered as the scalawag who, after his acceptance of various political appointments by the odious Republicans, incensed Southerners with his leadership of black troops in an attack upon whites, some of them Confederate veterans. He is remembered as the turncoat who, not satisfied with personal acquiescence in the Southern surrender, publicly urged others to cooperate with the new regime. He waged a war in print for most of his almost forty post-war years, attempting to refute accusations of treason, accusations hurled at him by Jubal Early, William Nelson Pendleton and others of the so-called "Lee faction". After outliving most of his comrades-in-arms, James Longstreet died in 1904 and, according to one biographer, fewer than 5% of the United Confederate Veterans chapters passed laudatory resolutions. The Savannah chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy even went so far as to refuse to send flowers; they blamed the general for losing the South's War for Independence.

A SECOND CHANCE

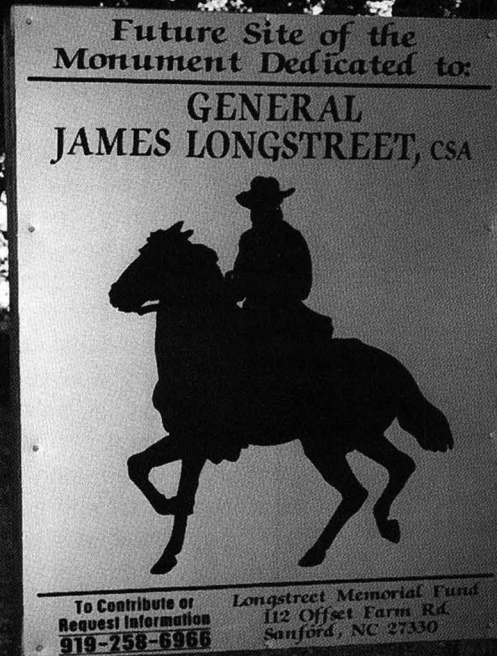
But modern historians seem more willing than their immediate post-war counterparts to concede that Robert E. Lee must bear a share of the blame for the South's repulse at Gettysburg. Ed Bearss refutes three key criticisms of



William Longstreet, III with Bob Thomas

Longstreet. One, Lee's proposed second day *en echelon* attack up the Emmitsburg road would have been suicidal. Longstreet, rather than demonstrating obstinacy, showed instead flexibility when he changed the plan. Also on Day 2, Mr. Bearss points out that Longstreet, in spite of his alleged slowness in putting together the ordered attack, managed to crush sixteen of the twenty two Union brigades he fought with his own eleven. In short, he inflicted far greater punishment than he took and he did it with numerically smaller strength. Finally, responding to critics who say that Longstreet's lack of enthusiasm on Day 3 led to the destruction of Pickett's Division, Mr. Bearss emphasizes that it was modern weapons, used by an enemy in a high fortified position, which accomplished that. Longstreet, better than Lee, better than anyone in the *West* [emphasis his], knew the capability of the rifled musket, a weapon which had bankrupted the strategy of Napoleon. Longstreet remembered what he saw at Sharpsburg and at Fredericksburg, and he knew the prudence of a defensive position.

William Garrett Piston, author of *Lee's Tarnished Lieutenant*, points out that two main factors contributed to Longstreet's downfall: his post-war Republican party affiliation and his designation as the scapegoat for the Confederate loss at Gettysburg. Had his only transgression been association with the Republican party, he probably would have escaped much censure. However, he went beyond the counsel of peaceful submission (also advocated by Lee and others) and urged Southerners to work with the



The Longstreet Fund's Marker at Gettysburg

Republican party. His aim of preserving the white power structure in the South was not recognized, let alone appreciated, and his acceptance of political patronage and unsavory political associations in his adopted home of New Orleans led to the ostracism of himself and his family by white society. The low-water mark of Longstreet's political career came September 14, 1874 when, in his position as commander of the Louisiana State Militia, he led black troops against an uprising by the White League, a military organization composed of many Confederate veterans. The general was taken prisoner by the White Leaguers, and, as Dr. Piston points out, this must have caused the former Confederate commander extreme humiliation.

In the effort to make Longstreet the scapegoat of Gettysburg, former Confederate general Jubal Early (perhaps in an effort to obscure his own cul-

pability for the defeat there) fired the first salvo in a speech at Washington and Lee College in 1872. Declaring that had Longstreet attacked as ordered at sunrise on July 2, 1863, Lee would have won the battle and the South, rather than lamenting its lost cause, would be an independent nation. Other former Confederate officers joined in the attack and it was even widened to include charges of insubordination and, astoundingly, treason.

The "Lee faction" deserves further mention. Some of James Longstreet's defenders believe that his reputation suffered as a result of a concerted effort to preserve the saintly, indeed almost Christ-like, image of Robert E. Lee. The memorialization

of Lee and castigation of Longstreet was undertaken, initially by Early and Pendleton, whose efforts soon widened into a distinct "anti-Longstreet faction" of former Confederate officers. Needing a scapegoat for the South's defeat and agreeing, whether tacitly or overtly, that Robert E. Lee must be preserved from any blame, they recognized Longstreet as a viable candidate. He was outside the coterie of Virginians who, through their military memoirs, speeches and published articles, shaped the near-perfect images of Lee, Jackson, Stuart and other sons of the Old Dominion. Longstreet—burly, disheveled, obstinate Old Pete—just did not measure up in that company.

But even the general's most ardent defenders admit that Longstreet greatly assisted his detractors by his own choice of the path of the scalawag and failed miserably in his efforts to rebut the claims of his enemies. And it was in this endeavor that he made perhaps his greatest mistake: he couched his defense in words critical of his old chief, Robert E. Lee. When Longstreet seemed to suggest that he had been

Longstreet's defenders believe that his reputation suffered as a result of a concerted effort to preserve the saintly, indeed almost Christ-like, image of Robert E. Lee.

the brains behind Lee's winning strategy, he placed himself beyond the pale, and even former officers (who had heretofore been noncommittal in the effort to slander him) gladly joined the Early camp.

After decades of this wearisome conflict, James Longstreet might have been expected to be a beaten, embittered old man but this does not seem to be the case. He enjoyed an extremely active and productive life, albeit activity based on Republican politics and various political appointed posts. The Old War Horse never lacked for the affection and support of the troops he commanded and his arrival at reunions, parades and other functions prompted a wild, cheering welcome. He always believed that his vindication was inevitable; nonetheless, when he died at 82, his image as the unpleasant scalawag who lost the war was firmly implanted in the collective consciousness of the South.

A DEFENDER RISES

Robert C. Thomas, a determined North Carolinian, believes that James Longstreet has been severely ill treated by his countrymen and it's about time he received the popular recognition denied to him for so long. Mr. Thomas was inspired to take up the general's cause when a friend gave him a copy of William Garrett Piston's *Lee's Tarnished Lieutenant*. Thomas does not appear to be a man who dwells on lost causes. Like his beloved General Longstreet, there is a great deal of the bulldog about him. His folksy manner belies a focused drive and savvy insight. Sporting a full black beard, Thomas speaks freely and intensely of his outrage at the "railroading" of a military hero whose illustrious career has been "trashed" because of politics. Himself a true-blue son of the South, Thomas persuaded his own North Carolina Division of the Sons of Confederate Veterans to establish a memorial fund in order to "reinstate General James Longstreet to his rightful place among America's great leaders and one of the South's true sons." That accomplished, he then oversaw the passage of a resolution by the Sons of

Confederate Veterans which "absolve[s] Lt. Gen. James Longstreet of the blame for the loss of the Battle of Gettysburg." Mr. Thomas has formed the Longstreet Memorial Committee, and his committee organized last year's Gettysburg conference, "A New Look at Lee's War Horse," to educate the public about Old Pete and to raise money for an equestrian statue of the general which they hope to place on the Gettysburg battlefield.

At the 1995 conference, Gettysburg National Military Park Superintendent Dr. James Latschar announced that the statue had been approved and would be placed in the Pitzer's Wood section of the battlefield, on Lee's right flank. The statue would not be mounted upon a pedestal but would be flush with the ground, heightening its "lifelikeness" as the general watches his troops enter the battle.

This was a historically significant announcement. By any definition, James Longstreet was a towering presence in the Confederate States of America, yet there exists no monument to him anywhere in the South. Two previous attempts to memorialize his contribution, one in the 1930s by his second wife and another recently at Chickamauga, were not successful. The Virginia Memorial at Gettysburg, topped by its statue of Robert E. Lee seated on Traveller, is the only representation of a Southern general on that battlefield. A monument of the magnitude proposed by the Longstreet committee has not been dedicated at Gettysburg in years.

But what evidence of heroism is required to justify the erection of a new statue on that hallowed ground? A hero, the dictionary tells us, is any man admired for his courage, nobility or exploits, especially in war. James Longstreet's courage has never been questioned and one need look no farther than Second Manassas and Chickamauga to find evidence of his mastery of the military art known as "putting in his men." Robert E. Lee's confidence in Longstreet and his affection for the subordinate general is evident, not only from the testimony of others, but also from Lee's own writing. The two maintained a close relationship until Lee's death.

Robert Thomas dismisses reference to Longstreet's post-war reputation as a scalawag, continually bringing the focus back to the general's military record. Longstreet, he says briefly, was "in over his head" in politics, but should not be condemned for exercising the freedom for which he fought so hard on behalf of the Southern people. When asked what the average modern Southerner should remember about the general, Thomas unhesitatingly and emphatically replies: "James Longstreet was Lee's most trusted corps commander and that is backed up by the record."

For 130 years, James Longstreet has either been the "Judas" of the South, or an invisible man, even his name unknown to generations of Southern school children. But like the portrait in the visitor's center at Gettysburg, the proposed statue will depict a noble and vigorous general, the general idolized by most of the South, his wounds, attacks and accusations yet to be endured. In a sense, then, the presence of his large, weighty likeness on the Gettysburg battlefield may accomplish what volumes of print have thus far failed to do: freeze the image of James Longstreet in the public's mind as a heroic and successful general, an indispensable figure in the South's great struggle. But to Robert Thomas, who does not mind becoming emotional when discussing the General, the objective is that and something more personal. This effort is not simply about raising a monument, he says. It's about a man who deserved better than he has received. ☼

NOTE: To contribute to the Longstreet Memorial Fund or to obtain further information, Robert Thomas may be contacted at 112 Offset Farm Road, Sanford, North Carolina 27330.

Mary Alice Cook is a freelance author from Eagle River, Alaska.



Mrs. Alberta Martin is finally getting the things she needs – a hearing aid, new set of teeth, maybe even an air-conditioner – because she is finally going to get what's coming to her. After 64 years the State of Alabama is reinstating her benefits as the last known widow of a Confederate Veteran. Her late husband, William Jasper Martin, served as a Private in the 4th Alabama Infantry and survived the siege of Petersburg. Southern Partisan talked with Mrs. Martin about her very unusual story at her Elba, Alabama home.



Photo courtesy of Michael Givens

THE LAST CONFEDERATE WIDOW

You've become quite famous these days Mrs. Martin. Thank you for taking the time to talk with us.

Glad to do it.

The story of the restoration of your pension, and your newly discovered status as possibly the last surviving widow of a veteran of the War Between the States, has been covered by newspapers and television shows all over the country. Did you ever think being married to a Confederate veteran would make you this kind of celebrity?

No I didn't. But, I've enjoyed it – I've had so much of it going on. Just last week a fellow came over here from New Orleans and took some pictures, I've been written about in People maga-

zine and I've even been invited to go to New York and be a guest on the David Letterman TV show. Of course, I ought to have had it a long time ago so I could've enjoyed it more!

Now let me get the chronology straight. You were born in 1906...

Yes, I was born in nineteen-six.

...and William Jasper was born in 1845?

Well, as far as I know that's right.

And, William Jasper was your second husband, is that right?

Yes.

Tell me something about your first husband? Had he done any military service?

(Continued On page 42)



We had to pinch a penny back then. Times were hard and we had not much money to live on. We had about fifty dollars a month to live on, people didn't get much back then. You had to be satisfied with what you had.



Photo courtesy of Michael Givens

(Continued From Page 41)

Not that I know of. He was still young when he was killed in a car wreck. He was about 18 or 19 when that happened (so was I for that matter).

After his death you met and married William Jasper Martin – how old were you by then?

Well, I was about 20 or 21 when we first met. We married in 1927. Our first baby was born in 1928.

How did y'all first meet?

Just talking over the fence. He used to come by the house as a lot of folks did, you know. He was going to card games or bingo games, or whatever they played in stores in the evening a long time ago. Dominoes and the like.

So he was one of your neighbors?

Well, yes and no. I was living with my half-brother, down below Hartford, at the time. I hadn't been living around there too long. Only since the death of my first husband.

Have you always lived there?

Yes, I've always lived right her in Alabama.

What made you decide to marry him?

Well, more or less just to get away from home. When you're confined down, and you've got a baby and no one to help you raise it. And, you're having to care for your sister's brothers... when you live with them you have to do what there is to do mostly... they depend on you, you know. It wasn't all that romantic, but things were different then.

What was it like to be the wife of a man so much older than yourself?

Well, I just never did really give it a thought. We had to pinch a penny back then. Times were hard and we had not much money to live on. We had about fifty dollars a month to live on, people didn't get much back then. You had to be satisfied with what you had.

Now you and Mr. Martin had how many children?

Just that one. I had one son by my first husband, and by William Jasper I had another son.

Did Mr. Martin have any other children when y'all married?

Oh yes, he had a house-full. I don't even know 'em all.

So, he was father to a dozen and you were mother to one at the time of your marriage – how did the whole

family get along?

Because he was so old and all, when we married I didn't know all his children, some of them were dead, some were living. He was living in a house with one of his sons when we married. He didn't have anybody either, just like me. However, we just met and made a couple.

How long were you married to William Jasper?

Five years. He died in 1932. After he died I later married Charlie Martin, William Jasper's grandson.

Was this a more romantic decision?

Oh yes. We were married for fifty years and six months. He was a few years younger than me.

Did you know anything about William Jasper's war service? Did your husband volunteer for the Confederate Army or was he drafted?

I don't know. I have an idea he volunteered – but I don't know for sure. You know back then...

Did Mr. Martin talk about the war much? I'm sure our readers would be very interested to hear about his life as a soldier.

He never did. He never mentioned it to me. You know its funny to me, but he

just never did want to talk about it. I think he just wanted to put the whole thing behind him.

As a widow of a Confederate soldier, what do you think about the people on the other side?

Well, I don't know. I'm not a politician.

There's been a lot of controversy over the Confederacy. What do you think about the Confederate flag?

Well, I guess it's not too controversial. It hadn't been too long since we went downtown and the Mayor gave me a dinner. He even declared it "Alberta Day." It was in all the papers.

How much of your family is still living?

I haven't got any people left but my sister, Mattie Watson, and one son living in Arkansas. There was a lot of us. I had a younger sister and three older brothers – one other brother died as a child. I also had five half-brothers, one of whom lived

in Texas. My sister and that child are all I've got. I don't have any uncles or aunts, maybe a few nephews around and about.

What was your life like as a young girl at the beginning of the last century?

Part of it was good, part of it wasn't. My Mother died when I was eleven years old, and you know what kind of a life a girl has growing up trying to keep house, cook, go to school and everything else, you know it isn't fun. My childhood was a lot of hard work because of that.

Do you have any advice for young people today on how to have a happy marriage?

Well, I don't know. Be cheerful to one another maybe, that's the main thing.

Now that Alabama has reinstated your pension benefits, what are you going to do with the money?

I've been in kind of a rough way. I've been to the doctor a lot recently – it doesn't seem like I'm going to get to enjoy much of it.

A few years ago there was a book and television drama called the "Last Confederate Widow." Did you get to see it, and what did you think?

I saw it on television awhile back. But, it didn't represent me in any way. Now it was nothing like my experience.

Do you have any regrets about your life?

No. I don't think so. I'll soon be ninety years old – I reckon that's something to be proud of. I've just had to keep always looking forward.

I'm sorry you're not feeling well, and I hope things improve for you.

Me too, I sure do. I go to Senior Citizens two days a week, and I go other places, and that pretty well takes up my time.

Thank you for taking the time to talk to us. It's been a fascinating conversation. ☺

Remembering Daisy Cave...

Southern Partisan had the honor of interviewing another Confederate Widow, Mrs. Daisy Cave, in 1988. She was 97 then, and is no longer with us. Talking with Mrs. Martin brought memories of Daisy rushing back to us. Here are a few excerpts from the Southern Partisan Conversation with the "next to last" Confederate widow published in the Summer, 1988 Southern Partisan



Did your husband volunteer for the Confederate Army, or was he drafted?

He was 17 years old. He wasn't old enough for the draft. He and a bunch of boys were at a bridge near Barnwell one night. A man who knew Henry came by and said: "Henry, what are you doing

down here in the swamp this time of night?" And Henry said: "I'm going to join the Army."

The man told him to go on back home. But Henry said: "No, sir, my daddy won't let me go. I got to slip off."

So the man drove to Henry's daddy's house and told him where Henry was. Henry's daddy went and met Henry and said: "Henry, get in here and let's go back to the house. If you're that interested in going in the Army, I'll sign the paper." He was a good man. I called him "Mr. Cave." and he called me "Baby." and Ben, our son, he called him "the boy." He never called him by his name.

Do you have any advice for the

young people today?

I tell what's the fact. I believe the end of time is almost here. I believe it with all of my heart. I read the Bible.

If young people have any sense, they would get down on their knees and pray. Some of them don't believe the Bible at all; they say it's old-timey. But the Bible says: "Heaven and earth may pass away, but my Words will never pass."

As a widow of a Confederate soldier, what do you think of the people on the other side? What do you think about Yankees?

Yankees? I heard a lady with the United Daughters of the Confederacy say one time: "They must like it down here pretty good; when they come down here you can't run them back North." Some people call them damnyankees.

What do you think about the Confederate flag on the top of the Statehouse? Do you think it ought to stay?

I think it should fly. I've got two at my house. Anybody who knew Henry Cave would have to believe in that flag. He was a good man.

★

STRANGERS IN A STRANGE LAND

BY TED ROBERTS



New Jersey!! Where smoke stacks soared. And if the skies weren't cloudy all day from pollutants, you knew the unemployment rate was above 10% because the factories were closed. New Jersey, where guys sat around street corners and shouted "youse" instead of "y'all" at each other. Where barbecue was scarce or inedible; where the gardenia and fig tree whimpered in the winter.

New Jersey, I heard, was the state where the founders wouldn't join the original 13 unless the Constitution allowed property taxes, pay toilets, and toll roads.

It was a sad day when the boss told this native Southerner that there was a vacancy in our New Jersey office. A vacancy "made to order for you, Ted. You're gonna love it." Silently, I wondered why he thought I'd love it. Was it a half time job at full time pay?

And being a philosophical Southerner, I had a lot of professional questions to ask about the job: Where were the barbecue joints? What about the barbaric cold? Could I come South in the winter to warm up for a few months?

Beside the cold, we'd heard all about traffic delays. Lights that only turned green when Mars, Jupiter, and Uranus were in perfect alignment. Babies born and *weaned* in the back seat while Dad fumed at the wheel.

Worst of all was the language barrier. How could I communicate with the natives who all talked like Jimmy Cagney in *Public Enemy Number 1*?

"No problem," said the boss, an experienced recruiter who had condemned dozens of reluctant employees to New Jersey. That was his occupational specialty. At headquarters they called him the "Jersey Man." With patience and firmness he opened my eyes to the beauty of the Northeast by explaining the company's admiration for *mobile* employees.

"*Mobile* is important, Roberts," he said. "Mobile is more important than smart and far less painful than poverty.

Now lets see, when did you receive your last salary correction?"

I hated those salary corrections. He got so worked up preaching the Garden State that he threatened a salary correction on my *wife* who didn't even have a job. He was a zealot.

So we went. The work was in Shrewsbury, a pleasant tree shaded community right off that turnpike I'd heard so much about. You couldn't spy a smokestack in any direction from our attic window. If you squinted your eyes a little and didn't miss the scent of cottonseed oil, you could easily make believe you were in Memphis.

All was well until autumn. You know it's autumn in New Jersey when the leaves turn a rare crimson, unknown to the foliage of Mississippi, jittery squirrels scoot around the backyard checking their acorn hoards, and housewives inspect their pantry for "snowed-in" rations.

Each acorn looked to me like a miniature football helmet, and the wind in the trees reminded me of the crowd's roar at last year's Tennessee/Ole Miss game. That was the only ache left in our rebel hearts—SEC football. Genteel Princeton

and valiant Rutgers and even perseverant Monmouth Jr. College didn't measure up to the nostalgic glory of Tennessee, Alabama, and Ole Miss.

So me and my six-year-old son pulled our maps down from the closet shelf and puzzled over our choices. To the East was the Atlantic Ocean. Clearly nothing there. To the West was Philadelphia—a hotbed of basketball and cream cheese—but no football. And beneath us—Southwards—was the great pigskin barrens of New Jersey. But ah, to the North was the home castle of the Black Knights of the Hudson—legendary West Point. And on an auspicious day in early October, said our football schedule, they were hosting our own Volunteers.

So, one Saturday morning my son and I packed up a grocery bag fun of bologna sandwiches (mustard on one side, mayo on the other—pickle only on the mustard side) and groped in the predawn gloom for the Garden State Parkway. Our bologna sandwiches warmed our spirits as we rolled north through Jersey and then the hills and hollows of upstate New York, which weren't all that different from the rolling vistas of Tennessee.

And I got the same Southern feeling from the sleepy toll booth employees, obviously ancestors of that notorious featherbedder, Rip Van Winkle—who according to tradition still haunted the banks of the Hudson.

Legendary West Point satisfied our expectations. Best of all, the Vols won the game.

We drove back that night sputtering like a starved engine on the last of our bologna sandwiches. It was the first of many excursions. We even learned how to car, train, subway and then hoof it to Shea Stadium to see the Jets. What else could a man want except an occasional, soft "y'all?" ☼

Ted Roberts, freelance writer and a regular contributor to Southern Partisan, is safe in Alabama once again.

Reductio Ad Coughlinium

BY PAUL GOTTFRIED

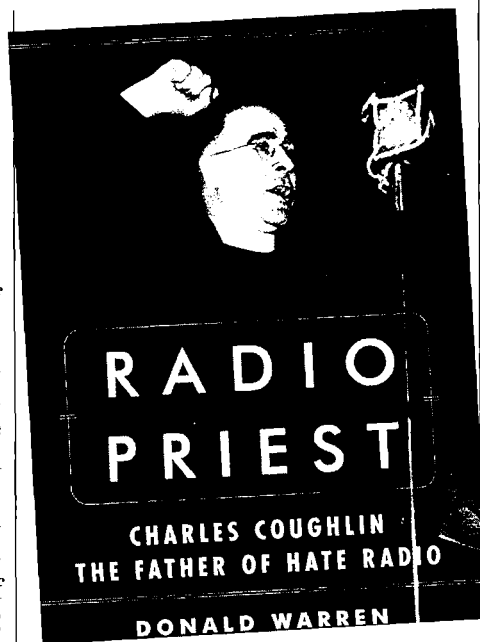
A REVIEW OF:

*Radio Priest: Charles Coughlin,
the Father of Hate Radio*

by Donald Warren

The Free Press, 1996, \$27.50.

Donald Warren's biography of Charles Edward Coughlin is an informative work that might have been much better. Much in it overlaps with Sheldon Marcus's study of the same controversial priest, which appeared in 1973, but unlike Marcus, Warren emphasizes Coughlin's role as a pioneer radio commentator and his magnetic power over tens of millions of listeners. Between 1926 and 1942 Coughlin broadcast every Sunday afternoon from his parish in Royal Oak, Michigan. There in a state-of-the-art studio from the tower of the Shrine of the Little Flower, he dramatically articulated his economically radical proposals, increasingly tinged by anti-Semitism, with a call to stay out of foreign wars. Warren observes that to those shaken by the Great Depression, Coughlin's resonant voice, advocacy of material redistribution, and attacks on war making and banking interests brought comfort. Like European fascist leaders, he effectively combined populist rhetoric with a counterrevolutionary subtext composed of anticommunism and premodern social attitudes. Coughlin railed against banking capitalism because of essentially medieval views about commercial loans and profit-making. According to Warren, these censorious views fitted easily with another medieval view, that Jews practiced usury because of a predisposition to exploit others. Thus Coughlin, because of his Catholic scholastic



training, went from being critical of (in Aristotle's phrase) "money breeding money" into waging a war against economic modernity, which he identified with Jewish greed.

While there may in fact be something in this analysis, Coughlin's political career was far too complex to be reducible to this residual, selective medievalism. Until the mid-thirties this Canadian-born cleric (originally from Hamilton, Ontario) remained a staunch Rooseveltian and, though later denied by Eleanor Roosevelt, a frequent guest at the president's home in Hyde Park. His subsequent criticism of the New Deal was that it did not go far enough in protecting American workers, and Coughlin sounded much like a socialist by the midthirties on the subject of inequality. The platform of his National Union for Social Justice, a political organization that he was instrumental in founding, called for public ownership of key industries and the subordination of mere "property rights to human rights."

Moreover, Coughlin's initial attraction to the fascist corporate state did not necessarily indicate a rightwing mind-set. In the twenties American social democrats like Horace Kallen and others grouped around the *New Republic* praised Mussolini's generous program of workers' pensions and the genuine radicalism of the fascist unions.

In any case Coughlin's evolving politics must be understood in terms of an epoch which was marked by economic catastrophe and authoritarian alternatives to constitutional government. Warren refers to this backdrop but never dwells on it sufficiently. He also tells us things without weighing their full implications: e.g., that fascism and communism were widely perceived in the thirties as rival alternatives to parliamentary states and that many believed in the U.S. as well as in Europe that one or both of these models would supplant existing Western governments. Warren likewise notes in passing that American intellectuals, journalists, and religious leaders often took sides in this confrontation between postliberal regimes. While a conspicuous and vocal Jewish minority lined up with the communists, some Catholics as typified by Coughlin embraced the fascist enemies of "godless communism."

As an anti-Communist Catholic, Coughlin supported the uprising of the Spanish generals in July 1936, which began the struggle against the violently anti-clerical Spanish Republic. He clearly took sides in what the historian Ernst Nolte calls "the European civil war of the thirties," a cataclysm Coughlin thought would affect the U.S. as well. Like others who made the same commitment, Coughlin was drawn to anti-Semitism: Jews would be blamed for two interrelated evils, material injustice and the radical Left. For were they not, asked those on the fascist side, disproportionately represented in two groups, the finance aristocracy and Communist formations?

The observation was correct, though there was no evidence that these groups of Jews were cooperating. Nonetheless, Coughlin, like others, made the assumption they were, and so by the late thirties he depicted Jewish capitalists and Jewish Marxists as connected manifestations of international Jewry, sucking the lifeblood out of Christian society.

One must contextualize the turning toward anti-Semitism undergone by Coughlin in the thirties. For even European fascism, in its Spanish and Italian forms; was not intrinsically anti-Semitic before the mid- or late thirties. It was not until Mussolini had been in power for fifteen years that he enacted anti-Jewish measures, largely in imitation of Hitler who had become the senior partner in a transformed fascist movement. In the twenties Italian Jews had been fascist members and had served in the fascist government. It was the Nazi takeover of the revolutionary Right, by virtue of Hitler's power, that made Nazi anti-Semitism a centerpiece of authoritarian antiCommunism. But both people and times change. In 1942, Coughlin's superior, Bishop Edward Mooney of Detroit, imposed silence on him, after the outspoken priest had become a public embarrassment. Coughlin's proGerman isolationism aroused widespread anger after Nazi Germany had declared war on the U.S., even though, as Coughlin correctly noted, the act had not been "without provocation." A dutiful servant of the Church, Coughlin ceased broadcasting and publishing his weekly, *Social Justice*. For all that, he did express his political views in interviews in the post-war years. His presidential choice in 1948 was anti-Axis general Douglas MacArthur and in 1960 left-of-center Democrat John F. Kennedy. Coughlin also defended the raising of the minimum wage and until his death at eighty-eight was an advocate of organized labor. His Jewish biographer Sheldon Marcus understandably wondered how this kindly, aged priest had once made rabidly

anti-Jewish speeches. Unlike Warren, by the way, Marcus had no problems with Coughlin's anti-capitalism.

Warren suggests explanations for Coughlin's demagogic behavior that are not entirely convincing. He dwells on his passion for making money out of radio and real estate and shows how Coughlin combined demands for social justice with sharp business practices. Warren also investigates the charges by liberal muckraker Drew Pearson that Coughlin had a torrid affair with one of his parishioners, Mrs. Bernard Gariepy. As was later learned from an IRS affidavit during Gariepy's trial for income tax evasion, Coughlin paid the spendthrift husband \$68,000 for "alienation of affection." Warren also cites the perennial problem of anti-Semitism in accounting for the most deplorable phase of Coughlin's career. But contrary to what he asserts, there is no evidence that Coughlin engaged in Jew-baiting before or after that phase. As late as the mid-thirties he had actively sought Jewish support for his social programs and enthusiastically cooperated with Detroit Reform Rabbi Leon Fram in advancing labor union interests.

This brings up a key methodological question that must be addressed here, whether Coughlin can be made to illustrate any general trend beyond the thirties. His diatribes against Jews were not characteristic of American life and would have seemed shocking in 1890 or 1960. Indeed even in 1938, when American anti-Semitism was all too visible, many of Coughlin's listeners were shocked, as Warren himself makes clear, and Hitler was widely despised in the U.S., as polls then revealed, among both Catholics and Protestants for his mistreatment of Jews. As a longtime acquaintance of the author, I know that he began this biography five years ago in the framework of his extensive research on populist movements. A Midwestern political sociologist who coined the term "Middle American

radicalism," Warren decided to study Coughlin as a possible point of origin for postwar populism. Having looked at the final product, I am struck more by the breaks than the continuity between Coughlin and the Coughlinites and recent populist manifestations. What is called populism today in the U.S., Canada, and much of Europe is about devolution of power and the destruction of democracy by public administration. It has nothing to do with Mussolinian or Coughlinite demands for a corporate state or with invocations of an international Jewish conspiracy. The populist Canadian Reformed Party has outspoken Jewish advisors, who have urged a rollback of the welfare state.

Though Warren has not succeeded in showing that Coughlin was some kind of populist progenitor, he has provided leftwing journalists with a usable pedigree. By calling Coughlin "the father of hate radio," he has linked his subject to politically incorrect radio commentators of our own generation. One reviewer in the *Washington Post*, an historian from Williams College, has discovered parallels between Coughlin and the raunchy Howard Stern: both are presumed to be disparagers of victimized minorities. Equally revealing, John Judis, in blurbing the biography, declares it "essential to us for understanding today's radical right and the important role talk radio played in its development." There we have in a nutshell what message this book is intended to send. Don Warren's newly found friends are turning his book into a bludgeon, to be administered against anyone who steps out of line politically. To the *reductio ad Hitlerum* that helped rid American politics of Pat Buchanan, we can now add another journalistic form of character assassination, the *reductio ad Coughlinum*. ☸

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Apples, Budgets & “The Nod”

BY DAVID E. JOHNSON

A REVIEW OF:

Harry Byrd of Virginia

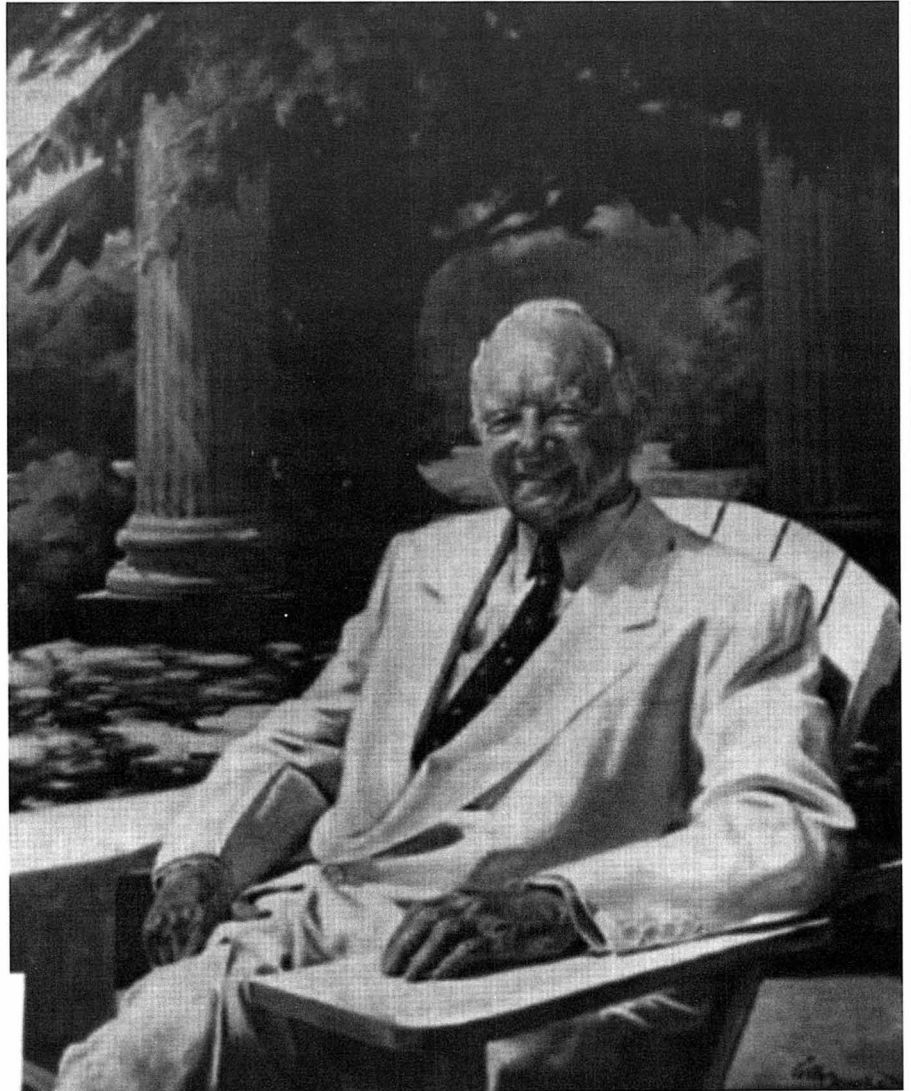
by Ronald L. Heinemann

Virginia, 1996, 511 pages.

As Governor of Virginia, United States Senator, and leader of the Virginia Democratic party, Harry Flood Byrd wielded virtually unlimited political power for over thirty years. His political organization—“machine” to his enemies—linked together a cohesive unit of like minded conservatives stationed in rural courthouses throughout the state. From its ranks rose every Virginia Governor from 1925 to 1965. Byrd’s tenure in the United States Senate, where he chaired the Finance Committee, spanned the New Deal and the Great Society. His views on fiscal matters gathered nationwide attention and his name was often floated as a presidential alternative to Roosevelt, Truman, and Adlai Stevenson.

Despite this record, Harry Byrd has not attained the national reputation that other contemporaries—Richard Russell, Storm Thurmond, or Huey Long—have obtained. Now Ronald L. Heinemann, Professor of History at Hampden-Sydney College, has written *Harry Byrd of Virginia*, a sweeping life and times study of Byrd, his organization, and 20th century Virginia politics.

Born in 1887, Byrd was descendant of the colonial William Byrd, son of the Speaker of the Virginia House of Delegates, and nephew to the leader of the state Democratic party. An indifferent student, Byrd showed an early aptitude for busi-



Harry Flood Byrd, Sr.

ness. His father allowed him to take over the debt ridden and failing family newspaper, the *Winchester Evening Star*, and, through cost cutting and efficient management, Byrd kept the presses rolling and soon made a profit. Following this early success, Byrd began to lease, then purchase, apple orchards around Winchester. Applying the same principals of hard work, long hours, and tight budgets, Byrd built the foundation of what would become

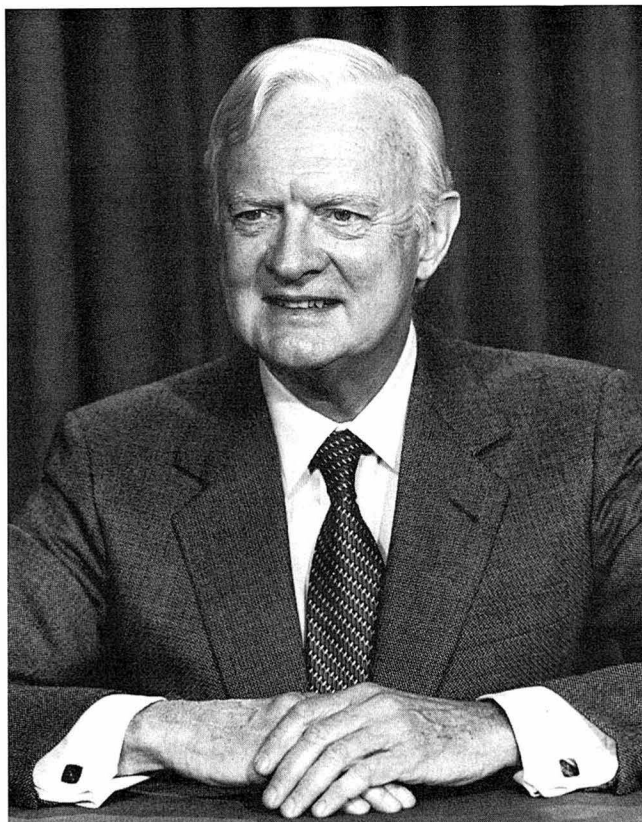
one of the largest apple orchards in the world. The apple business was Byrd’s “avocation,” “relaxation,” source of financial security, and “reinforced everything he ever knew about the free enterprise system and its relationship with government.”

Byrd’s prominence in the community led to his election to city council in 1908 and the Virginia State Senate in 1915. In the Senate,

he displayed the same industrious nature which had produced his success in the business world. In 1922, another debt ridden organization, the Virginia Democratic party, turned to Byrd for leadership. Under Byrd's guidance, the debt was paid, a cohesive organization established, and the first solid Democratic congressional delegation sent to Washington in 20 years. Byrd's reward was the 1925 nomination for Governor.

Easily elected, Byrd promised a progressive and business like administration with balanced budgets and a "pay-as-you-go" policy for highway construction. He cut the size and scope of the state bureaucracy, passed wide ranging tax reform, and signed the toughest anti-lynching law in the nation. Byrd's political organization controlled patronage, maintained strict loyalty, and developed consensus on candidates. Once Byrd gave "the nod," election of organization candidates was a foregone conclusion. Byrd's organization was unique in its lack of corruption, graft, and scandal. Professor Heinemann concludes that Byrd's record as Governor was "substantial and significant."

In 1933, Byrd entered the United States Senate for the first of six consecutive terms. His career there was often a lonely struggle against the liberal policies of national administrations. The leftward tilt of the national Democratic party led Byrd to adopt a "golden silence" with regard to its presidential nominees. In the 1950s, Byrd joined in the "massive resistance" against civil rights legislation. Although still able to control state politics, the Byrd organization began to fade as conservatives joined the Republican party and Virginia aligned itself along national party lines. An ailing Byrd resigned his Senate seat in 1965 and was replaced by his son, State Senator



Harry F. Byrd, Jr.

Harry F. Byrd, Jr.

Meticulously researched, heavily annotated, and written in clear concise prose, Professor Heinemann's book can be trusted by readers as definitive on factual issues. But let the reader beware: Heinemann is unable to restrain himself from applying his own political philosophy to critiques of Senator Byrd.

Heinemann writes that Byrd was "so committed to limited government that it never occurred to him that something more might be needed." Ignoring for the moment how Heinemann ascertained what did and did not occur to Senator Byrd, one wonders what the "something more" might be. Heinemann provides the answer: "modification to this individualistic ethic... resource management, public assistance... aid to education, and international commitments." In short, modern American liberalism. Does Heinemann seriously mean to suggest that Senator Byrd never considered these options? No, Heinemann grants Byrd some intelligence, but reluctantly concludes that Byrd could "not overcome the

limitations of his upbringing and his experience." Following Heinemann's logic, had Byrd rejected his Southern heritage, business experience, and fiscal conservatism, he would have been free to embrace the New Deal, Fair Deal, and Great Society. Thus, it is not that Byrd did not consider liberalism, but that he considered it and rejected it. That, to Heinemann, is Byrd's greatest sin.

Because of Byrd's devotion to principle, Heinemann dismisses him as an "anachronism... who... outlived his usefulness... [and] fell back on old cliches and a narrow individualistic ethic..." This, Heinemann concludes, is a "sterile legacy." Yet the legacy of Harry Byrd,

and other conservatives like him, took on flesh and authority one year before Byrd's retirement as Barry Goldwater was nominated for President espousing the principles for which Byrd fought. Fifteen years after Byrd's death, Ronald Reagan was inaugurated as President and declared, in Byrd like fashion, that "government is the problem." Today, Harry Byrd's Senate is filled with believers in the philosophy of limited government, individualism, and low taxes, for which Byrd stood in the days of the New Deal. The historical record since 1964 proves the "anachronism" to be the liberalism of Professor Heinemann. The "sterile legacy" belongs to the failed social policies which have created intrusive government, higher taxes, more poverty, and less opportunity. Harry F. Byrd's legacy, to Virginia and the nation, is found in his simple compelling words: "Deny your appetite and strengthen your spirit and discipline your powers... [and] remember that America is still a land of opportunity." ★

David Johnson is a Richmond attorney.

BOOK NOTES

Patrick Henry: Life, Correspondence and Speeches

By William Wirt Henry

Sprinkle Publications of Harrisonburg, Virginia, 1993 reissue, 3 volumes, 1,922 pages, \$120 cloth.

Patrick Henry is, as his biographer, Henry Mayer has lamented, the “Banquo’s Ghost” of American historiography; historians admit there’d have been no story without him, yet he is not welcome at the party. Reasons for the pervasive omission of any mention of the “American Demosthenes” are not hard to find: Henry was no intellectual, but a man whose politics were guided by the inherited prejudices (in Edmund Burke’s and Richard Weaver’s sense) of Virginians. No speculative theories, no religious fanaticism, no “shining city on a hill” for him. Virginia’s was a good society, and if God were willing, he would help keep it that way.

Oh, yes, and Henry was a Christian. In fact, in a day of luke-warm quasi-Protestants (and, as a teacher of mine once told me, the only thing we know about a quasi-Protestant is that he isn’t a Protestant), Henry stood in the last ditch fighting for the legacy of St. Constantine, for a Christian polity sure the state could teach what was right and punish what was wrong. In opposition to the proposed disestablishment of Episcopalianism in Virginia, Henry insisted all Virginians should be free, if they were not Episcopalian, to choose some other nominally Christian group to support. They must continue, though, to support at least some teaching of the Gospel. As so often, he found himself opposed by my neighbors, Thomas Jefferson and James Madison. For the historians, Jefferson’s statute establishing a non-Christian state in Virginia is a wonderful monument, which makes

Patrick Henry a benighted yahoo.

Of course, there were other “Enlightened” men around the Western world in Henry’s time, and the historians generally admire them, too. Rousseau, Danton, even Robespierre have their supporters in flocks of universities in Europe and America today, for the visionary is not called “ivory tower” without reason. They were not Henry’s people.

No, the people who repeatedly made Henry their choice—who called him “Father of his country” before they ever called George Washington that—were the ones Edmund Randolph derisively dubbed “the common herd.” Henry proudly stood up to defend the “herd” against Randolph in the Richmond Ratification Convention in 1788, and this reinforced James Madison’s and Thomas Jefferson’s dismissal of Henry as a demagogue.

Jefferson had to believe that Henry was a demagogue, for what else could explain his domination of the Virginia General Assembly between 1776 and 1788? Surely the people wouldn’t have sided with him against the schemes of Jefferson and Madison so often if they hadn’t been deluded. . . . Madison, disgusted, turned to the idea of creating a remote, powerful government, one run by men predisposed to “think continentally.” One composed of “the elevated sort.” Men devoted to the Enlightenment, men whose affections were directed toward the abstract rather than the solid, men more enamored of the library or the counting-house than of the land. Men more like James Madison than like Patrick Henry.

These volumes, which include a two-volume biography written by Henry’s grandson and a volume of Henry’s (pitifully scarce) surviving speeches and writings collected by the same man, are a worthy testa-

ment to Henry. Anyone who wishes to know how it was that common farmers and Christians were persuaded to join up with the master of Monticello and the big Tidewater and Northern Neck planters to make a revolution must know Patrick Henry, and this is an excellent place to start.

—KRG

Why the Confederacy Lost

Gabor Boritt, Editor

Oxford, 1992, 191 pages, \$10.95 paper.

The Gettysburg Civil War Institute’s annual conference brings together leading professors in the field on a specific topic, and the papers presented at each conference are published in a book edited by Gettysburg College history professor Gabor Boritt. The tendency has been for the themes to be simplistic, as this year’s is, and for the essays to be frankly celebratory of the Union war effort. On the latter score, the present volume is exceedingly bad.

In his introduction, Boritt explains the volume’s title this way: some Southerners opposed the Confederate war effort; they thus “won” the war. Thus, we shouldn’t say “the South lost the war,” only that “the Confederacy lost the war.” One wonders whether we can say Russia lost the Cold War (or that Berkeley, California won it). This, like much in this series of books, is simply a gratuitous denigration of the South.

The book’s title suggests that its content concerns failings in the Southern war effort, but four of five essays are concerned with various aspects of the Yankee war effort. It is an understatement to say that the book is highly adulatory about that war effort; it seems that, in this day of political correctness, Mr. Lincoln’s

War is one of the few events in American history regarding which outright cheerleading is the operative mode of analysis.

Unlimited warfare has sickened its practitioners in this century, but historians of the War of Northern Aggression celebrate it and denigrate its opponents. Thus, judgments such as that "George McClellan was gutless" pepper this book. If a certain tactic was used, and particularly if it is judged to have been essential to the Confederacy's total destruction in "a war of annihilation," it is not only forgivable but good. This is the same morality that erected a statue to the British air marshal who planned the terror bombing of Germany and that celebrates Stalin even today.

While the immoral tactics chosen by the Union high command are forgiven, the motives of the Union soldiery are assumed all to have been of the highest order. Thus, Princeton's Prof. Reid Mitchell says, "They agreed with Abraham Lincoln that secession, by threatening to tear down the only existing government based on those ideals, threatened to destroy the ideals themselves. They also felt that the Union was a precious legacy, handed down to them by the Revolutionary fathers. Defending it was in many ways a familial duty, something a son owed the generations before him." It is amazing to contemplate the manifold ways in which pagan religions such as Unionism have taken on attributes of Christianity among contemporary academics; thus, the American revolutionaries are often called "fathers," and Americans long dead are seen to be part of an eternal community. The fact that large numbers of Union soldiers were European immigrants persuaded to enlist by generous bonuses and left the army before war's end isn't allowed to get in the way of a good story.

Another aspect of the series that crops up again in this book is the current fad for exaggerating the fighting capacity of the Union's black soldiers. While the attention paid in recent years to the crucial contribu-

tion of a half-million men whose role was once almost completely ignored represents a real advance in the historiography of the war, statements such as that made by University of Houston Prof. Joseph Glatthaar here to the effect that the black soldiers fought as well as the whites with far less training seem to have replaced willfully overlooking blacks' role with breathless hyperbole. His essay's conclusion, which emphasizes the extent to which blacks' flight from South to North crippled Confederate society, is dead-on accurate.

Archer Jones' essay on strategy contains the stunning statement that there is no evidence that Baron Antoine-Henri Jomini's ideas "antedated and were antithetical to Napoleon's practice." Anyone who is familiar with David Chandler's *The Campaigns of Napoleon*, the leading book on Napoleon's military thought and practice, or who has simply compared Jomini's book to the record of any of Napoleon's campaigns (except that of 1812), will be shocked at that statement. The idea that the central unit of Napoleon's armies was the division, rather than the *corps d'armée*, is a notable gaffe. His concluding statement—that each side in the war used Napoleonic strategy—is contradicted by much in the essay; Jones' seeming lack of familiarity with Napoleon's method of war (about which he cites no sources) may be the explanation.

Little in this book will strike anyone well-read in the literature of the war (or, indeed, in that of Napoleonic war) as new. Much of it is at a relatively simplistic level. Like other books in the series, this one needs a good grammatical scrubbing, too. Choose a different book.

—KRG

The Radical Politics of Thomas Jefferson

By Richard K. Matthews

Kansas, 1984, 126 pages, \$7.95.

Thomas Jefferson's has proven to be one of the most Protean images

in the iconography of American democracy. Claims to his legacy have been staked by liberals, communists, state-rights advocates, libertarians, materialists, atheists . . . in fact, it is hard to conjure a major tendency in American politics or thought that hasn't appealed to some strain of Jefferson's thought at one time or another. His reputation is not, of course, confined to America: placards bearing his words were prominently displayed by student protesters (evidently naively unaware of the true nature of their Leninist government) during the demonstrations in Tiananmen Square a half-decade ago, and Conor Cruise O'Brien's upcoming book will demonstrate that the Irish Republican Army's justification of its terrorist murder campaigns rest on some of Jefferson's more blood-curdling ruminations.

Still, the Jefferson the schoolboys meet these days is a liberal one. If Americans know anything of him other than his name, they will "know" that he wrote the Constitution and, if slightly better educated, they will be able to point to the second sentence of the Declaration of Independence. There, famously, the Continental Congress declared—in the words of Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin—that they held (among other things) that "all men [were] created equal."

Jefferson's image was burnished in the 1940s by a federal government desirous of ideological support for its program of equalitarianism. He had been in bad odor for a long half-century before that, for there was no room in the "World That Lincoln Made" for the man remembered (unjustly, as it happens) as the father of state rights. The new Jefferson was decidedly a New Deal Jefferson (until he became Martin Luther King's Jefferson).

Richard K. Matthews' short explication of Thomas Jefferson's political thought captures the nuances of Jefferson's political views quite nicely, making clear along the way how the man who could speak with equa-

nimity of reducing the whole world to an Adam and an Eve if that were what the world Revolution required could also be the man who authored the Kentucky Resolutions of 1798, history's clearest statement of the doctrine always associated in historians' and political scientists' accounts with social and political conservatism.

In Jefferson's mind, though, while localism was nearly the paramount value, it was a bulwark of what Matthews rightly calls a radical political philosophy. While James Madison, for example, may be seen as an inheritor of the Augustinian view of the Fall (based, as it is, on a mistranslation of the Bible) in his essentially pessimistic evaluation of the potential for human community, Jefferson—who knew no more about theology than that if he couldn't explain it, it must be fatuous—had an Enlightenment optimism about localism (and, ultimately, man's responsibility for himself) much more attractive than Madison's idea of *Federalist* 10 and 51 that all men are selfish by nature, so their selfish impulses must be set in counterpoise.

Forrest McDonald, the *Federalist* historian, says Matthews' Jefferson is "precisely the kind of wild-eyed political quack that the 'high Federalists' understood him to be," and that is probably true—from an Augustinian point of view. Jefferson did reject the idea that we must simply learn to bear selfishness and striving in our office-holders; he rejected the idea that one must simply elect his rulers and then shut up; he held anathema that important decisions in men's lives must be made by those who, in the words of "Publius," "think continentally." Madison would have it that we are better off the more variety of religious belief and of economic pursuit we have; these, he said (hoped?), would balance, and the result would be peace. Not community, exactly, but peace. Jefferson preferred community. Matthews makes all clear.

—KRG

The Southern Writer in the

Postmodern World

By Fred Hobson

Georgia, 1991, 114 pages, \$17.95.

Dr. Albert Taylor Bledsoe once commented on an author's effort that it contained much which was true, and much which was new, but the true was not new and the new was not true. Mr. Hobson does report some things are true, i.e., much of the inherited historical consciousness of those who have been Southern helped contribute to an existential awareness of tragedy in human finiteness and failure.

And, in his effort to sort and connect, Hobson reports rather creditably on some things that are new in his assessments of newer writers of Southern origin whose fiction reflects significant larger changes in society—Bobbie Ann Mason, Lee Smith, Jayne Allen Philipps, Richard Ford, Josephine Humphreys, Jill McCorkle (but certainly not Eugenia Price)—and of the links and contrasts, and by what means and devices, which Hobson sees between contemporary Southern fiction and that of the 1920s-1940s renaissance.

There's Mason, for example, not a New South writer so much as a No South writer, whose characters are devoid of either grandeur of person or of nobility of purpose, inhabitants of a culture in which television functions as primary organizing focus, informant and family. Mason's fiction images are common people who inhabit shopping malls without thought or concern of what was here before. They constitutive components of a society which is unaware if not in disregard of the time past which has become time present.

But, Hobson emits a great deal of gardyloo in his attendant house-keeping. So much gardyloo that I am left wondering if perhaps a coarsening and degrading of Southern culture is mirrored in the atrophy of the Lamar Memorial Lectures at Mercer University from their initiation by Donald Davidson over three decades ago. The very yeast which gives rise

to the mixture Hobson serves with garnished efforts to reach moral high notes is Donald Davidson, a "hide-bound Agrarian" of "dubious social philosophy and reactionary political views."

"I do not share a great deal with Davidson as far as his view of the South is concerned," Mr. Hobson reports in this book's first paragraph. After five chapters interlarded here and there with evidences of a reasonably crafted effort to describe changes in "the southern writer as the South changes," Mr. Hobson exits via a page of truisms of which Davidson supposedly was unaware, namely, that blacks have a human capacity to capture or reflect the Agrarian ethos.

The Agrarians, and Davidson specifically, supposedly had an obliviousness to the "rich black culture." Hobson places Davidson wholly outside of the Enlightenment, making Davidson a functional icon against whom Hobson works off his moral rocks by peripheral sound bites whereby Mr. Hobson announces his own superior correctness.

In Hobson's lexicon, presumed Southern preference for concreteness as reflected in Davidson's objection to abstractionism. Balderdash! After all, the Civil War, or so Mr. Hobson claims, "was fought, in part, over an abstraction, the extension of slavery into western territory . . ." Those aggressive, belligerent abstractionist Southerners, originating and carrying forth an aggressive invasive war against whatever is good in creation for the purpose of extending slavery into the northwest! And "what else was racial segregation but a monstrous abstraction . . . identifying . . . blacks and women in particular—by group?" That Hobson's Lamar Lectures were emitted in 1989 rather than post-Clinton perhaps explains the absence of a trendy incorporation of "gays" within the "what else" category.

Coming of age in the 1950s as a poor white in a nonlanded laboring family tenuously attempting to make it into upper lower class respectabili-

ty in the deep South, I admittedly wholly missed out on the psychodynamics (not to mention the talent) which factored into making southern writers Southern writers. I never knew I lived in a barbarous society that was supposedly wrestling with "racial sin and guilt." Furthermore, I do not believe I did reside in such a society. I do reside in one now which, if devoid of racial themes, is also quite unlike the one I used to live in wherein one could freely go about minding their own business without any feeling other than complete safety regardless if race, creed, color, or deficiency of ethnic background.

Hobsonestically, older southern writers, living in veil of social barbarism which prompted those of talent and sensitivity to move north toward home, if legitimate writers, just had to be wrestling with "racial sin and guilt." Inevitably then, writers in, of, from, part of, or about the South, had to be involved in a love-hate relationship reflected in a painful probing of their relationship to a homeland which they sought to baptize with mea culpa for a putative guilt most Southerners did not remotely feel and with most Southerners were not infected.

—Tommy W. Rogers

Backward and Upward: The New Conservative Writing.

Edited by David Brooks.

Vintage, 1995, 330 pages, \$13.00.

The 30something/40something voice of East Coast conservatism resonates in this collection of essays by writers who have demonstratively "made it." They are urbane, sophisticated and optimistic; certain that history has already swung around to their free market-dominated worldview.

However, Mr. Brooks makes some dubious claims for his fellow conservatives. They are also, as he proudly notes, "attuned with and approving of popular culture." Which means some of them enjoy MTV,

Beavis and Butthead, and have "an increased concern with happiness, pleasure and even sensuality." And what's all this about the angry white male? That species is alien to Mr. Brooks and his colleagues. These essays are the voice of a conservatism that is all Washington and New York. Or as the editor boasts: "The people who staff the new conservative think tanks, the media organs, the new conservative charities and foundations are not usually rural." That's for sure. No Bubbas in this collection. This is conservatism for a politically correct age.

Backward and Upward is a decent-sized volume, the 41 essays are collected mostly from familiar outlets: *The Wall Street Journal*, *National Review*, *The Public Interest*, *The American Spectator*, *Policy Review*, and *Commentary*. Originality and wit characterize some of the selections. Joe Queenan's cigar-smoking forays into New York City's non-smoking streets, restaurants and shops is the best example. But for readers of *Southern Partisan*, the contributors here are a strange crew. Peggy Noonan's lament for the lost suburbia of the 1950s and John Podhoretz's valentine to Washington, DC are two of the more noxious cases. Conservatives have always kept Washington, DC at arm's length. It was the nation's capital, but the real Right fought long and hard to keep states and localities free from Federal control. Few "conservatives of the heart" would even dream of living there. Today's yuppie conservatives revel in Washington as an imperial megalopolis, the capital of a New World Order their journals and newspapers support and celebrate.

Everything we need to know about the politics of this "establishment" is summed up in a statement by William Kristol: "By 'liberalism', I mean post-1960s liberalism: a movement committed in politics to further expansion of the welfare state, and in social matters to an agenda of individual autonomy and liberation."

It sounds nice, but when Kristol attacks "post-1960's liberalism," he

is also saying the liberalism of Franklin Roosevelt, Harry S. Truman, and John F. Kennedy wasn't such a bad thing; in fact, it was morally superior to an Old Right that strongly opposed those experiments in social engineering. For all their professed libertarianism, East Coast Conservatives have no quarrel with the legacy of the New Deal or even the social policies (especially liberalized immigration laws) of the Great Society. For instance, of the hundreds of public school districts still under Federal control, nearly all are in the South. These conservatives know this. And some will even say publicly that such policies represent the proper use of a strong, centralized state.

The best essays in this collection are David Frum's tribute to Russell Kirk, Jeffrey R. Snyder's broadside against gun control laws and James Bowman's solid rendering of "anti-violence" regulations placed on prime-time television programs.

There's plenty of irony here. Kirk, of course, was a founder of the traditionalist wing of modern conservatism; the Right's most important anti-materialistic "Northern Agrarian"—a point Mr. Frum readily concedes. In addition, the greatest opponents of gun control have always resided in rural regions throughout the country. If Mr. Brooks' upscale urban neighbors had their way, the Second Amendment might have been abolished decades ago. Finally, Mr. Bowman's ideal television characters from the world of 1950s television are Davy Crockett and Matt Dillon; one a real life hero of the frontier South, the other a mythical giant of the Old West.

Which brings us to the final point. In his introduction, Mr. Brooks claims that "no longer are political conflicts primarily between Southern and Western outsider/conservatives versus East Coast urban liberals." Times have changed. But only slightly. The contributors here would all declare their sympathy for a Middle American conservatism (after all, they need our votes). But a populist

movement that opposes free trade with Third World nations, endless foreign interventions and an open border immigration policy is something the Beltway Right will fight with all the powerful media resources at their disposal. As the politics of the 90s have proven on numerous occasions, the great battles of our time are usually between Southern and Western populists and East Coast urban "conservatives."

—Joe Scotchie

1001 Things Everyone Should Know About The South

By John Shelton Reed and Dale Volberg Reed.

Doubleday, 295 pages, 1996, \$24.95.

Phil Harris used to sing, "That's what I like about the South." John and Dale Reed, who grew up in Kingsport, Tennessee, have told not only what they like about the South but what they don't like. The book is divided into 12 different areas about the South including culture, race, politics, the singing South, eating and drinking, literature, religion, history and other things. There are articles on such diverse things as red clay and possums, grits and gravy and Elvis the Pelvis.

There is, of course, an entire chapter on the Confederate States of America in which chapter the reader will find items about Louisa McCord, Levi Coffin as well as items about President Davis and General Lee.

Each of us has our own idea about what the South means and which Southerners are the greatest. Personally, I would have included the novelist Stark Young (*So Red The Rose*,) and fire-brand editor, W.C. Brann of Texas, also the Georgia poet Marion Montgomery. I would also have included the actress Tallulah Bankhead and the Lee biographer and Richmond editor, Douglas Freeman. I would have included the Revolutionary War soldiers Nathaniel Greene and Francis

Marion, the Carolina "Swamp Fox." Also Button Gwinnett and Sam Rayburn.

But who can please everyone? The Reeds have done a remarkable job explaining what the South is all about. There is one reference to "Southern Partisan," for whom John Reed used to write.

—William F. Freehoff

Mothers of Invention: Women of the Slaveholding South in the American Civil War

By Drew Gilpin Faust

North Carolina, 1994, 324 pages, \$29.95.

Americans have arguably experienced no greater upheaval than the War Between the States. It foreshadowed the wars of the twentieth century and left its mark on the entire nation, but particularly the defeated South. No one who lived through the four years of slaughter ever could or would be the same again. This held true for combatants as well as civilians, and especially the women of the slaveholding families in the Southern states.

In her latest book, Drew Gilpin Faust of the University of Pennsylvania provides an engaging account of the struggles of elite Southern women as their way of life disintegrated. *Mothers of Invention* draws upon the writings of Confederate women—popular fiction as well as personal letters and diaries—to paint a picture of cataclysmic change.

At first, according to Faust, the women just had to contend with feelings of uselessness as their men left for what many considered the glory of war. Frequently the women lamented the fact that they had been born the weaker sex and thus could not come to the aid of their fledgling country. Nevertheless, they immediately banded together in organizations to do what they could for the war effort. From the knitting of

socks to fund-raising, women worked to support their men in the field.

Inspired by stories of Florence Nightingale's efforts for Britain's wounded in the Crimean War, Southern women also undertook to care for the wounded as nurses. As Confederate women entered the hospitals they were shocked to find that the nurses were detailed soldiers, whose stint of service in the hospital might only be for a few hours. Not surprisingly, the female volunteers quickly proved to be superior nurses than the detailed soldiers.

The crux of Faust's research, however, deals with the absence of male protection in a patriarchal society. Southern ladies expected protection from their male family members—their lives were planned around such patriarchal arrangements. With the start of the war, some areas were left almost completely bereft of men. A group of women in North Carolina, for example, complained to the governor that of the 250 white people remaining in their town only 20 were men.

In such circumstances women had to deal with the day-to-day management of their farms and plantations as well as live with the threat of slave revolts. As the months of war became years, the stress of their new circumstances took its toll with frustration and oftentimes bitterness surfacing. Naturally some women felt anger towards the men who had promised to take care of them, but could not because of the conflict. Mores and folkways regarding the sphere of women and their behavior were never to be the same.

Mothers of Invention provides a fascinating look into the changes forced upon the women of the patriarchal South. Faust furnishes the reader with accounts—taken from original sources—of Southern women's heroism in the face of an invading army; efforts on the home front in order to supply their troops with much needed provisions; struggles with the management of their properties; and fears of the unknown

as their way of life was forever altered. It is a reminder of just how devastating the war was to the people of the South, both those who fought on the front lines and those who remained behind to tend the home fires.

—William J. Watkins

Southern Slavery As it Was *by Steve Wilkins and Douglas Wilson*

Canon Press, P.O. Box 8741,
Moscow ID 83843, 1996, 41 pages,
\$3.50.

The authors of this monograph provide the reader with insights on the slavery issue that are historical, thought-provoking, and honest. They are willing to forthrightly state the Bible's view of slavery and then compare it with slavery as it existed in the South.

Drawing on the often ignored interviews of former slaves recorded in the *Slave Narratives*, Wilkins and Wilson provide key arguments that waylay the stereotyped picture of Southern slavery that inhabits the minds of all too many today.

Readers will no doubt be enlightened and appreciative of the author's approach. While not denying the "sub-Scriptural" nature of Southern slavery, the authors are willing to examine the issue by looking at the facts. For this, readers in the North and South should be happy. This is a booklet to read and keep close at hand for reference. Thus, you may want to buy additional copies to share with your friends.

—Byron Snapp



Trivium: The New World Order

(Continued From Page 6)

to the broader concerns of the world's economic well-being. This interdependence, we're informed, will mean global peace and friendship.

The New World Order promises financial well-being and a cornucopia of technological goodies in exchange for the surrender of our religious beliefs and our traditional commitment to community and family. If the multi-national corporations are to prosper, then families must be subordinated to the good of the company. Many American businesses have long pursued a policy of moving employees from city to city, nation to nation, in order to make certain people don't put down roots in any one place—the one proven way to ensure the survival of the family. As for religion, it constitutes a distraction and at times introduces a conflict of interest into the lives of employees. In particular, Christianity is an embarrassment in international dealings where peoples of different faiths are concerned, because it's commonly known that Christians want to convert the world. Better to have unbelief than a conflict of faiths.

The New World Order substitutes acquisitiveness for belief, the things of this world for the hopes of the next. Instead of a community dedicated to God, built on a common history, a shared language, and ties of blood, we're being asked to envision a future in which our economic interests, interwoven with the interests of the entire world, will be the ultimate good. In exchange, we're offered a society in which individual desires are promptly met and individual lusts easily satisfied, regardless of how boundless or perverse.

Why is the destruction of traditional morality so important to the New World Order? More particularly, why are multinational corporations pouring so much money into the sexual revolution? Suffice it to say that in our sexual morals we find our most profound definition as a religious people. Destroy our belief in the sanctity of sex and we will soon enough compromise our belief in God, our commitment to family, and our sense of belonging to one another in a traditional community. Teach people to be selfish about sex, and you can make certain they will be selfish about all things—and self-

ishness, we are told in corporate parlance, "feeds the bulldog."

In a sense, this is the logical result of the South's defeat in the 1860s—the ultimate triumph of Big Business and Big Government. All the arguments in favor of Union are now applicable to the New World Order. In winning the War Between the States, the North ensured that we would have to fight this second battle, this final confrontation with ruthless anonymity, this global Armageddon. Let's just hope the wrong side doesn't win again. ✱

*Tom Landess, Associate Editor
of Southern Partisan, lives
in Alexandria, Virginia.*

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THE SMOKE NEVER CLEARS

Jackson and Lee: Legends in Gray

*Paintings by Mort Kunstler, text by
James I. Robertson, Jr.*

Rutledge Hill Press, 180 pages, \$34.95.

Especially today, when a dead sheep suspended in formaldehyde is considered a profound artistic statement, it's worth being reminded that art as a representation of life, art as a giver of pleasure, art as an inspirer of noble sentiments is what art is supposed to be about.

And few men better matched the spirit of noble sentiments, certainly, than the stainless Robert E. Lee, the only cadet never to receive a single demerit at West Point. As the historian James Robertson (who many might know from his appearances on the Arts and Entertainment Network's *Civil War Journal*) points out in the superb new book *Jackson and Lee: Legends in Gray*, "In the pantheon of American heroes, none stands taller than Generals Robert Edward Lee and Thomas Jonathan 'Stonewall' Jackson. They now seem larger than life. When considering Lee and Jackson, eyes seem to lift. So does the mind. The words those men used—*gentleman, duty, valor, honor*—have a quaint sound in these times because they have become unfamiliar terms. People who say that Lee and Jackson did not really exist make that statement because no one like them exists now."

That loss is very much ours, especially in the case of Lee—one of the most remarkable men in history.

Lee was the gentleman *who dared*. Quiet, handsome, polite, a man of abiding faith, Lee's personal reticence and graciousness should not be misinterpreted—as they're apt to be in our age of "assertiveness training" and praise of "in-your-face" behav-

ior—as signs of weakness. On the contrary, Lee was one of military history's most enterprising commanders, forever dividing his outnumbered forces, springing stinging surprise attacks on the enemy, and maneuvering with a stubborn determination to stay on the offensive to repel Virginia's invaders and protect the South's independence.

Mort Kunstler's paintings, wonderfully showcased in this colorful, handsome volume, are excellent evocations of the heroic aura of Jackson and Lee, and are admirably served by James Robertson's pithy overview of the two great commanders.

Jackson died at the height of his glory, while Lee lived for five painful but productive years after the war, his shocked white hair and increasingly drawn face a symbol of the South in its torment, his noble bearing after Appomattox, a symbol to heal the sundered Union.

Jackson and Lee: Legends in Gray isn't just a great book for Civil War buffs, it's a great book to pass on to instruct and inspire your kids.

Reflections on Lee: A Historian's Assessment

by Charles P. Roland

Stackpole Books, 130 pages, \$16.95.

Professor Charles P. Roland is a distinguished military historian and historian of the South, but this book, meant to be the concise reflections of an historian's lifelong study of Lee is, unfortunately, a book very much without a point. It recites the history that most every *Partisan* reader knows by heart adding nothing particularly insightful, illuminating, or new. The book limps to life only in its closing chapter on Lee after the war, quoting

some of Lee's more pungent criticisms of Reconstruction. What this book should have been is revealed in the throwaway lines in Roland's select bibliography, where he offers brief comments on the more celebrated biographies of Lee. A book by a Lee admirer—as Roland is—giving a critical assessment of the vast literature on Lee and jousting with his critics, would have made for much more exciting reading than this brief, but ultimately unsatisfying book.

Robert E. Lee: Leader in War and Peace

by Carol Greene

A Rookie Biography, Children's Press, Chicago, 48 pages, \$15.95.

By contrast, this well-illustrated little volume boils Lee's story down to its essentials in a way that most children—and even adults—might find compelling. Virtually every major fact one needs to know about Lee is here. But the book isn't dry. In its choice of vignettes and its plentiful pictures, children get a very human—and very heroic—Lee. It's so well-illustrated that toddlers can enjoy it, and the vocabulary of the text is geared to children 6 to 9 years old. Two samples: The opening paragraph, "Robert E. Lee was a real person. He was born in 1807. He died in 1870. He was a great general and a good man. This is his story." And the opening paragraph on the "Terrible Years"—"The North had more factories and soldiers than the South. But the South had better generals. Robert E. Lee was the best." This book is a wonderful accomplishment and highly recommended. ☛

—H. W. Crocker III is an editor with
Eagle Publishing in Washington, D.C.,
and editor-in-chief of the
Conservative Book Club

New Study Shows Concealed Handguns Stop Crime

One issue that rarely bobbed to the surface in the presidential campaign this year was gun control. After the Democrats lost some 20 to 30 congressional seats in 1994 because of their support of the ban on sales of semi-automatic weapons, it's improbable they'll propose similar measures as a follow-up.

But the Democrats by no means have a monopoly on gun control; the "assault guns" ban passed only with the help of the Republicans, and even though politicians may not talk about it, don't think the gun Gestapo that wants to outlaw privately owned firearms entirely is defunct.

Hence, it might be useful for politicians of both parties to think a little about a recently completed study of the effect of "concealed carry" laws on the crime rate. For years, gun controllers have wept that such laws, which permit private citizens to pack pistols in their pockets after passing local safety requirements, would merely spill more blood on streets. The new study shows that the gun controllers, as is not uncommon, don't know what they're talking about.

The study, entitled "Crime, Deterrence, and Right-to-Carry Concealed Handguns," was written by John Lott of the University of Chicago Law School and David B. Mustard of the University of Chicago Economics Department. It's not yet available in print but will be published in January. In the meantime, crawlers of the Web can find it on the web site of the Cato Institute (<http://www.cato.org>).

The authors compiled crime statistics at the county level in states that had passed "concealed carry", (what the authors call "shall issue") laws and compared them to crime statistics

before the laws were passed. This is what they found:

"When state concealed handgun laws went into effect in a county, murders fell by 8.5 percent, and rapes and aggravated assaults fell by 5 and 7 percent. In 1992, there were 18,469 murders; 79,272 rapes; 538,368 robberies; and 861,103 aggravated assaults in counties without shall issue laws. The coefficients imply that if these counties had been subject to state concealed handgun laws, murders in the United States would have declined by 1,570.

"Given the concern that has been raised about increased accidental deaths from concealed weapons, it is interesting to note that the entire number of accidental gun deaths in the United States in 1992 was 1,409. Of this total, 546 accidental deaths were in states with concealed handgun laws and 863 were in those without these laws. The reduction in murders is as much as three times greater than the total number of accidental deaths in concealed handgun states. Thus, if our results are accurate, the net effect of allowing concealed handguns is clearly to save lives.

"Similarly, the results indicate that the number of rapes in states without shall issue, laws would have declined by 4,177; aggravated assaults by 60,363; and robberies by 11,898."

Those results alone pretty much blow the gun gestapo's favorite targets out of the water. The right to carry a concealed weapon lowers the violent crime rate, and loss of life due to gun accidents is lower in areas that have such laws than in areas that don't have them.

But the study also contains some other implications. It finds that while

violent personal crimes like murder, rape, robbery and aggravated assault declined, property crimes increased—especially those property crimes in which the criminal was unlikely to come into contact with the victim, like auto theft, burglary and larceny.

"On the other hand," write Professors Lott and Mustard, "property crime rates definitely increased after shall issue" laws were implemented. The results are equally dramatic. If states without concealed handgun laws had passed such laws, there would have been 247,165 more property crimes in 1992 (a 2.7 percent increase). Thus, criminals respond substantially to the threat of being shot by instead substituting into less risky crimes."

Criminals, it seems, are perhaps not as dumb as they look. Knowing that their potential victims in areas that have concealed carry laws may wind up blowing them out of their ski masks, they wisely prey on targets that won't shoot back. Even that deflection of criminal efforts into other kinds of crime is worthwhile, however. The study finds that economically, "the estimated annual gain from allowing concealed handguns is at least \$6.214 billion."

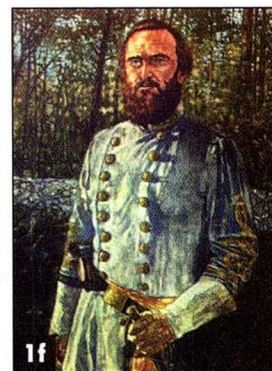
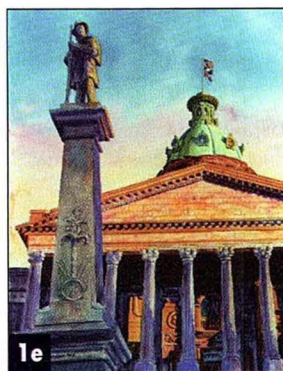
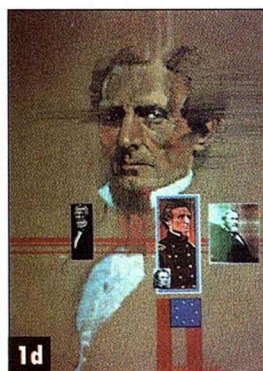
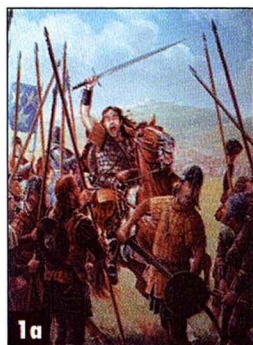
But Professors Lott and Mustard conclude that it takes more than just concealed weapons to stop criminals. "Higher arrest and conviction rates consistently and dramatically reduce the crime rate," they write. "The results imply that increasing the arrest rate, independent of the probability of eventual conviction, imposes a significant penalty on criminals."

The gun control lobby probably won't learn anything from this study or from anything else, but politicians of both parties who want to control real crime instead of law-abiding gun owners or who would just like to remain in office ought to give it a glance. ☛

Samuel Francis is a nationally syndicated columnist.

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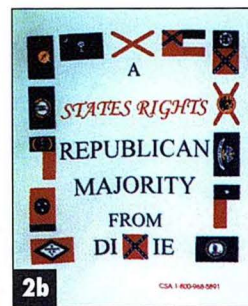
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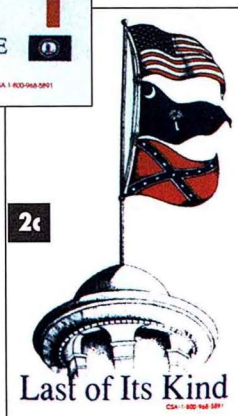
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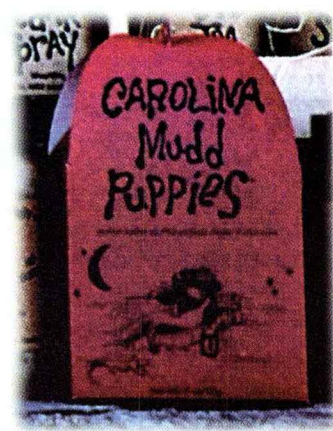
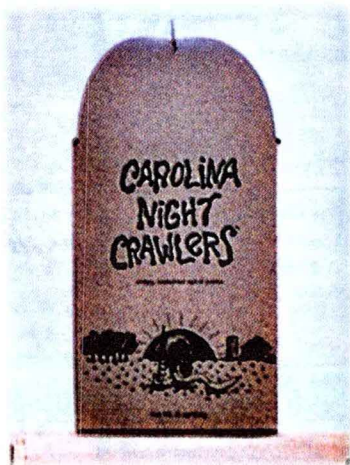


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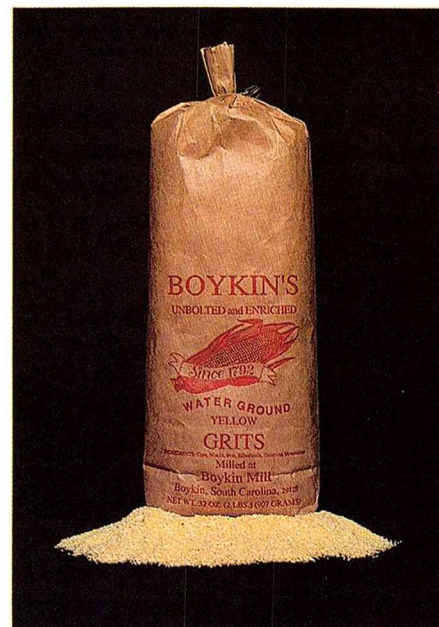
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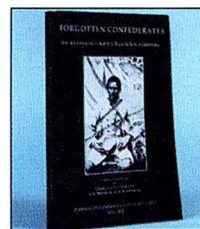
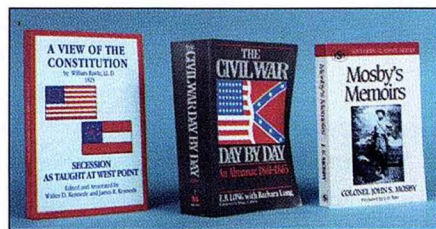
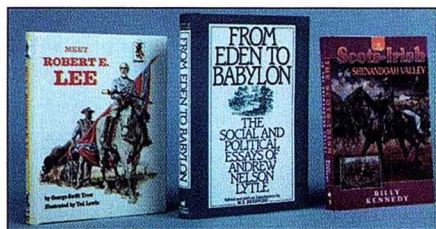
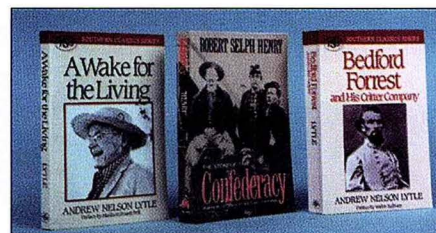
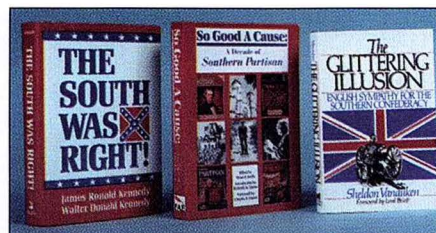
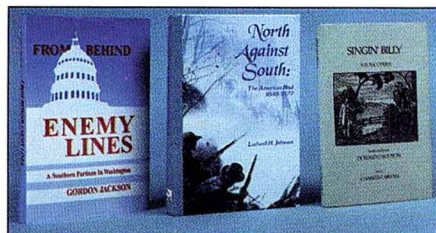
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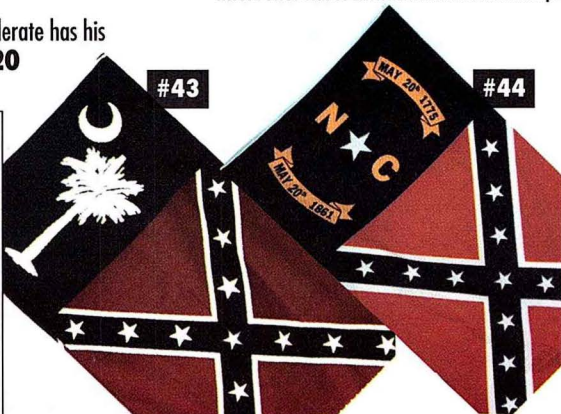
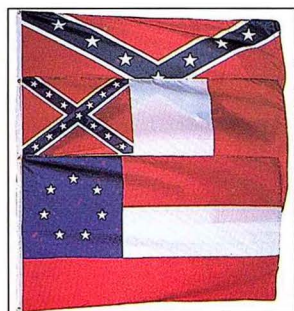
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30 Missouri (d, e)

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32 Oklahoma (d, e)
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34 Tennessee (b, c)
35 Texas (d, e)
36 Virginia (d, e)

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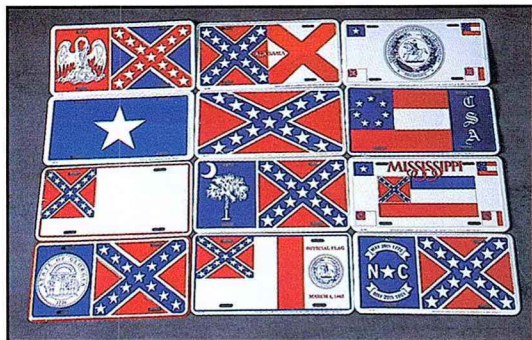
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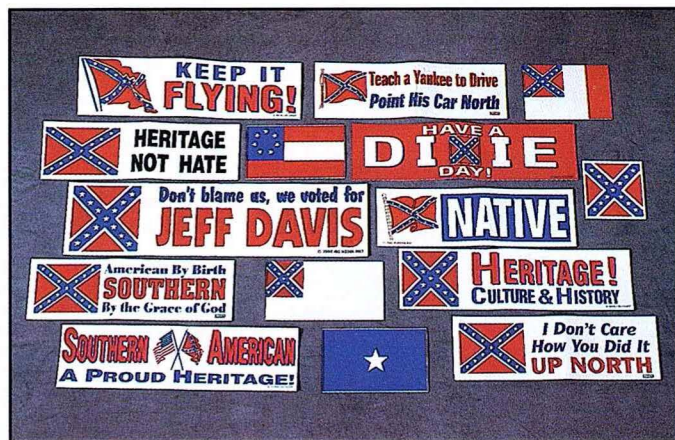
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At two o'clock in the afternoon on June 10, 1864, at Brice's Crossroads, Mississippi, following four hours of hard fighting, the outcome of the battle was still in doubt. Confederate General Nathan Bedford Forrest, realizing a turning point in the battle was about to occur, decided to personally lead his dismounted cavalry in an attack which ultimately resulted in one of the most famous Confederate victories of the Civil War.

The Battle of Brice's Crossroads occurred because the commander of the Federal Army of Tennessee, General William T. Sherman, while fighting the Confederates in Georgia, was concerned about his supply lines being destroyed. His chief worry was that General Forrest would destroy his railroad lines. He directed General Samuel D. Sturgis, with a force of over 8,200 men, to capture and destroy General Forrest and his 4,900 men.

On June 1, 1864, General Sturgis and his army departed Memphis, Tennessee. General Forrest, upon becoming aware of General Sturgis' mission, decided to attack them at Brice's Crossroads.

General Forrest said, "I know they greatly outnumber

the troops I have, but the road along which they will march is narrow and muddy and with it being so hot, they will make slow progress. The country is densely wooded and the undergrowth so heavy that when we strike them they will not know how few men we have."

General Forrest detected the Federals launching their 2 PM assault and knew that if the assault was successful it would be disastrous for the Confederates. He dismounted from his horse and instructed his two escort companies to dismount and follow him. He then rushed into the fray with a pistol in hand while urging his troops forward. The Confederates, upon seeing General Forrest out front, not only rallied around him and stopped the Federal assault, but began an assault of their own upon the Federals.

The results of the Battle of Brice's Crossroads were just the way General Forrest had predicted. The battle was General Forrest's greatest victory and characterized his aggressive method of warfare and reflected his ability as a military strategist.



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